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Waterloo	12 17	**Holborn**	12 35
Cannon Street	12 22	**St. Paul's**	12 36
London Bridge	12 28	**Herne Hill**	12 50
New Cross	12 37		
Arriving	a.m.	Arriving	a.m.
Sevenoaks	1 11	Chatham	1 46
Tonbridge	1 23	Sittingbourne	2 7
Tunbridge Wells	1 40	Sheerness Dockyard	2 32
Bexhill	2 29	Faversham	2 19
West St. Leonards	2 26	Whitstable Town	2 32
St. Leonards	2 31	Herne Bay	2 41
Hastings	2 36	Birchington	2 57
Paddock Wood	1 35	Westgate	3 3
Maidstone	2 15	Margate West	3 9
Ashford	2 14	Broadstairs	3 19
Canterbury West	3 5	Ramsgate Harbour	3 28
Ramsgate Town	3 40	Canterbury East	2 44
Margate Sands	3 56	Kearsney	3 8
Shorncliffe	2 41	Martin Mill	3 25
Folkestone Central	2 46	Walmer	3 31
Folkestone Junction	2 51	Deal	3 36
Dover Harbour	3 2	Sandwich	3 45

CHRISTMAS DAY.—The Ordinary Sunday Service will run, with certain exceptions.

For full particulars as to Train Services during the Holidays, see Special Train Service Supplement.

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LEWES SEAFORD EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS	Trains leave Victoria at 9†0, 10.0, 11‡15, 11.55 a.m., 1.25, 3.20, 4‡30, 5.20, 5*45 (not Sats.), 6.45, 7.45, and 9†5, 9‡55 p.m. (Dec. 24); London Bridge 9.50, 11.50 a.m., 1.15, 2.0, 4†5, 5.5, 5*56 (not Sats.), 6.39 (not Sats.), 7.0, 7.39, 9†13, 9‡58 p.m. (Dec. 24). † Not to Seaford. ‡ To Lewes, Seaford and Eastbourne only. *To Lewes and Eastbourne only.
LITTLEHAMPTON BOGNOR HAYLING ISLAND PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA ISLE OF WIGHT	Trains leave Victoria 8H55, 10*20, 11.25 a.m., 1†0 (Dec. 24), 1.42, 3*55, 4*53, 6*15 (Dec. 24), 7H20* p.m.; London Bridge 10*25, 11.20 a.m., 1.50, 4*0, 4*50, 7H15* p.m. * Not to Isle of Wight. H Not to Hayling Island. † To Portsmouth and Isle of Wight only.

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C189

The Bystander, December 15, 1915.—No. 628. Vol. XLVIII

The BYSTANDER

FOREWARNED

MISS COLUMBIA: "You'd better stop it! Woodrow's gone to get his typewriter"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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Evenings, at 8.35. Matinée, Saturday, at 2.15.
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Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz.: (a) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (b) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (c) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident, and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident (d) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (e) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

Preliminaries?

THE news-headliners had confidently counted on a field day of facetiousness on the morrow of the German Chancellor's speech. It had been foretold that this was to be a "peace" speech, and the irrepressible penmen had mobilised for action, posters being already in the printer's hands bearing the familiar legend, "HUN CHANCELLOR'S PEACE BLUFF." With Prussian disregard for the rights of small newspapers, Bethmann-Hollweg didn't bluff at all. He made—for a Hun—a moderate enough estimate of the military situation, which he naturally claimed to be favourable to Germany, and warned the Allies that if they did not "yield to facts they will have to do so later." Otherwise, he said just what people outside Fleet Street expected he would say, which is precisely the same thing as Mr. Asquith said in the House on the preceding day, that if the one side put forward peace proposals the other would consider them. Which reminds me of the famous quatrain:

"And Chatham, with his sword drawn,
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan.
While Strachan, longing to be at 'im,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

* * *

"We Will Not Sheathe the Sword"

The Chancellor talks as though for all the world this were a plain ordinary war, calling for a plain ordinary ending over a Conference table, in which Germany would barter what she has conquered for the colonies and sea-ways held by the Allies. He is under the delusion that we in England regard Germany as an adversary to be bargained with. Little does he understand the temper—if that is the right word—of the British public, which, to a man, is determined not to make peace until German militarism is crushed, as per the Guildhall programme. That is what Mr. Asquith has pledged, and Herr Hollweg surely ought to know by this time that a pledge by Mr. Asquith is—er—em—well, a pledge by Mr. Asquith.

THE COINUS CURRENTUS

(Commonly called the Golden "Oof-bird")

This pretty bird is now, unfortunately, almost as rare as the dodo. Its plumage was glittering and of a rich yellow colour, and its song, whilst spinning through the air, was clear, sharp and melodious. It was at all times shy, and, when caught, had an aggravating and mysterious way of slipping from the hand. It is believed that some solitary specimens still exist, but at one time the bird was plentiful and gregarious in the region of Threadneedle Street

The Power of Faith

It is perfectly true that the term "Prussian Militarism" is a somewhat elusive one, and that thousands of people have spent their spare time discussing exactly *how* you "crush" an "ism." It is also true that if by crushing "Prussian militarism" one means crushing the German Armies, the Allies have a long way to go before they do it. The Chancellor does not realise the mystical side of the thing. Belonging to a blunt, brutal nation, he does not realise that the most impossible things have been done in history by the simple power of faith.

* * *

"Plain Facts"

In England, most people, blessedly disdainful of mere realities, believe that Prussian Militarism is a crushable commodity like sugar, and being crushable, that it will be crushed. We have in our joint mythology tales of dragons slain by little men with swords. Against the little men were just the same "plain facts," as Bethmann says are now against the Allies—the facts of size and ferocity. The British people believe that they have it in their power, if they persist long enough, to slay the dragon of Prussian militarism, and when "plain facts" face a Briton he has a short way with them if he does not like them. We over here don't like at all the present military situation, and at our own good time, after an innumerable number of our own good muddles, we shall find a way of smashing it. I say this without having myself the remotest idea what the way will be, but my faith in the British soldier and sailor is proof against even my lack of faith in the British General.

* * *

Disarming

There is only one thing that would have saved the dragon from a really English St. George, and that would be were the dragon freely and frankly to announce that he had ceased to be a dragon, and to ask St. George to dine with him. Being a perfect gentleman, this might have proved too much for St. George. Similarly, *if* Prussian militarism announced

(*Continued on page 450*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued from page* 455)

that henceforth it would not be militaristic, and asked the British nation to dine with it, well, while I have endless faith in our national spirit, I fear I have more than endless faith in our good nature. That is what my friends in the halfpenny press call the "peace danger" —it is the danger that Prussia may, unexpectedly, take upon herself the outward appearance of a gentleman. If that happens, I fear we are undone. The shock will kill us.

***

Excitement?

According to the *Times*, Mr. Asquith's enigmatic allusion to "peace" (don't omit those quotation marks, please, Mr. Printer) caused "excitement" in the City. I didn't notice any myself, but the *Times* must know much better than I. If, however, there is any of this "alarm" in the public mind at any allusion to the prospect of ending this blood-orgie, it must have been increased by a certain curious coincidence. At the same time as Mr. Asquith made the statement that any "serious peace proposals" would be considered by the "Allies as a whole," there happened—quite by accident, of course—to be sitting daily in Paris a Council at which there were representatives of—the Allies as a whole.

***

"On the Mantelpiece"

Mrs. Sarah Gamp used to say that while she didn't want to drink gin, she liked to have a bottle on the chimneypiece so that she could take a little "if so dispoged." I don't know why the allusion occurs to me—doesn't seem right, somehow, to compare peace with alcoholic refreshment—but the opportunity for a sip at it certainly does seem to be presented to Mrs. Gamp of Europe if *she* is so dispoged!

The Vital Question

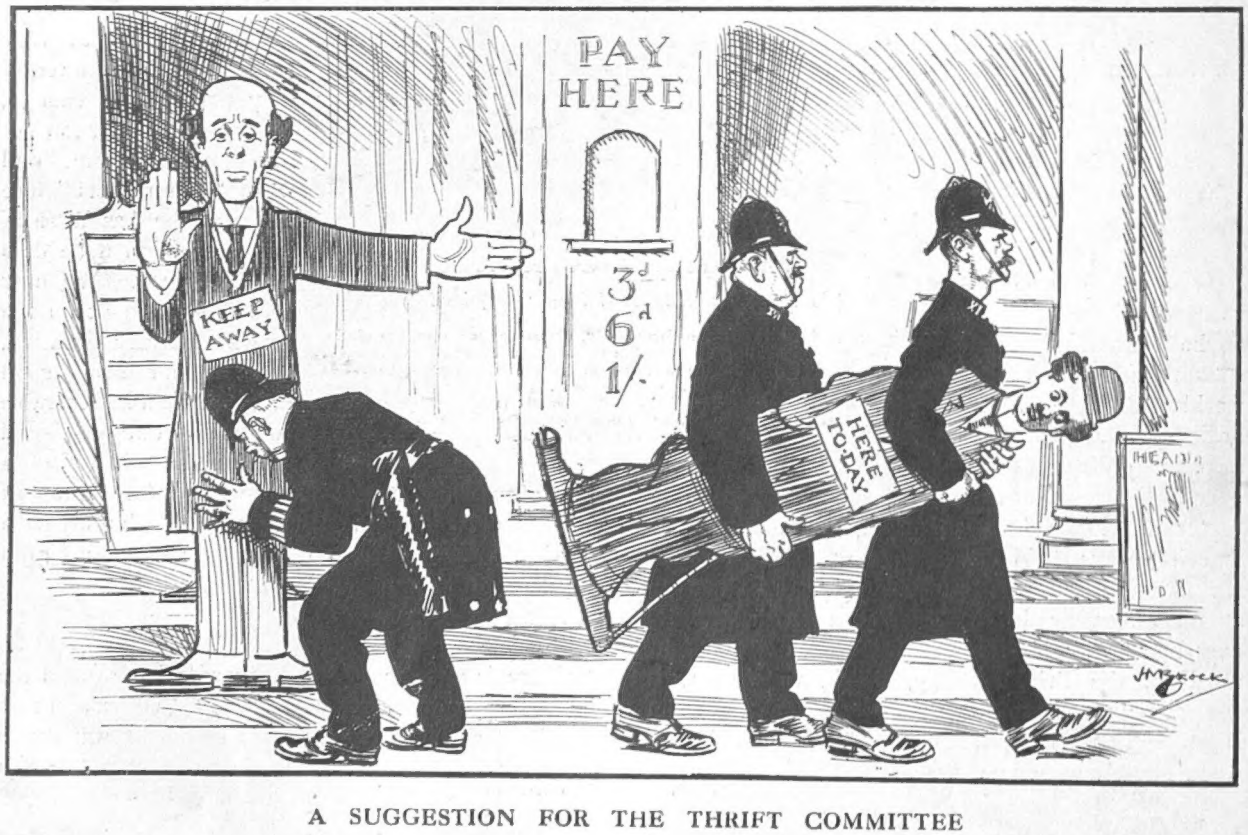
The *Times* is equally dismal because the Derby scheme looks like producing an insufficient number of recruits. Sternly, Printing House Square refuses to be deluded by accounts of "record rushes" and "all night attestations." Conscription is not going to be dished by anything of the kind. But why does the *Times*, which consistently criticises the gross wastage of our man-power in eastern wild-goose chases, conspire to give the authorities encouragement to continue to go the pace by insisting on unlimited armies without raising the vital question, "What will you do with them?"

***

A Plea for Small Armies

Colonel Repington is overwrought with horror at the fact that we have now four eastern wars on hand (Egypt, Gallipoli, Macedonia, and Mesopotamia), each of them independent of the other, and uncoordinated. At first sight I was pleased with my Repington, thinking he had spoken. But on further thought I part company with him. Seeing what egregious failures our High Commands make when they attempt to handle big co-ordinated armies, it is, perhaps, a blessing that the four eastern campaigns *are* run independently. The British General, when he succeeds at all, is invariably at his best when doing a little job, against heavy odds. Our greatest successes have been on the small scale defensive, as at Ypres. Offensives do not seem to suit the national genius. It is probable that, though driven back both in Macedonia and Mesopotamia (which thousands of English people believe to be the same place), we shall be turned out of neither, and also that we shall remain in Gallipoli, be the horrors what they may, until the end.

(*Continued on page* 458)



A SUGGESTION FOR THE THRIFT COMMITTEE

By H. M. Brock, R.I.

Every Man In Arms (or Armlets)

THE NATION'S REPLY TO THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR'S CHALLENGE

THE QUEUE IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD EARLY ON SATURDAY MORNING

BRITAIN replied in the most unmistakable fashion to the peace overtures that have been reported from the Continent. A rally to the colours unprecedented since the war began marked the closing days of the Derby recruiting scheme. Thousands—hundreds of thousands—who had held back, some of them slackers no doubt, but the vast majority responsible professional business and working men, attested at the last moment, and are now contentedly awaiting the calling up of their groups. Should Germany decide to continue the war she will find herself met on the battlefield, before a twelve-month is out, by the entire manhood of Britain in arms. A new Great Power has joined the Entente

RECRUITS AWAITING THEIR TURN TO ATTEST AT DEPTFORD TOWN HALL

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded from page* 456)

A Ray of Hope

The other justification for the Four Small Wars is that they must prove enormously bewildering to the enemy. Against which of the little British Armies is he to strike the big blow? Is he to concentrate on ejecting us from Gallipoli, from Mesopotamia, from Macedonia, or from Egypt? Already the Turco-Germans do not seem to have made up their minds whether to concentrate on the Suez Canal or the Persian Gulf. Out of their confusion we may, by sheer undeserved good luck, extract salvation.

***

Spinning It Out

Satisfaction has been expressed that we are to have the news from the western front once a day from our own G.H.Q. If the quantity of the news issued in the past is to be the standard, our rations are likely to average one word a day. Unless, of course, they rediscover the first "Eye-Witness," and let him loose again on the weather, aeroplanes, flies, and the chauffeur shaving.

***

Who Is He?

Why has not Lord Lansdowne attended the War Councils in Paris? Is he not the one member of the British ruling class who has a notorious knowledge of the French language? Much time must have been lost in the translation of simple words to our monoglot delegates. The only excuse for not having Lord Lansdowne is the rumoured presence on the Councils of another Lord whose name is not, just now, considered quite fit for publication. And even he is best known for his knowledge of another than the French tongue. By the way, Asquith didn't *deny* that he might have gone to Switzerland, just about the time that Bülow happened to be there. . . .

***

Austrian Prisoners En Route

Serbia's Austrian prisoners are, I see, to be shipped from Albania, where they are at present, to Britain. May one express the hope that official regulations may be stretched to give the prisoners in question most-favoured treatment? Austria is only indirectly at war with Britain, and the people of this country entertain no hostile sentiments whatever towards the soldiers of the Dual Monarchy, who, so far as we know, have behaved as gentlemen. This journal will do anything it can to ameliorate the lot of Austro-Hungarian prisoners if interested parties like to communicate with us.

***

The Suez Obsession

Professor Flamm, of Charlottenburg, is one of the German Suez-cide Club—that is, one of those who believe that the "neck of the British Empire will be broken, and the freedom of the seas secured, by the German conquest of Egypt." Many Britons swallow this theory whole. But what is there really in it? If Germany were to defeat the British on the banks of the Canal, surely it is unlikely that we should leave any Canal behind for them to use against us? Even if we did respect the memory of M. de Lesseps by leaving his masterpiece intact, it is as certain as daylight that the British Fleet would prevent its ever being used as a waterway by our enemies.

***

A Fallacy

If the taking of Suez "broke the neck" of the British Empire, so it would break the neck of all other countries, allied and neutral, who have trade relations with the east. It would sever the communications of Holland, Scandinavia, Greece and Spain with the east, and of China and Japan with the west. Britain would, it is true, have to send her eastern trade *via* the Cape, as she did before the Canal was constructed. That would double, if you like, the distance between us and the East, but the command of the only available sea-route would remain in British hands—a poor thing, but our own!

***

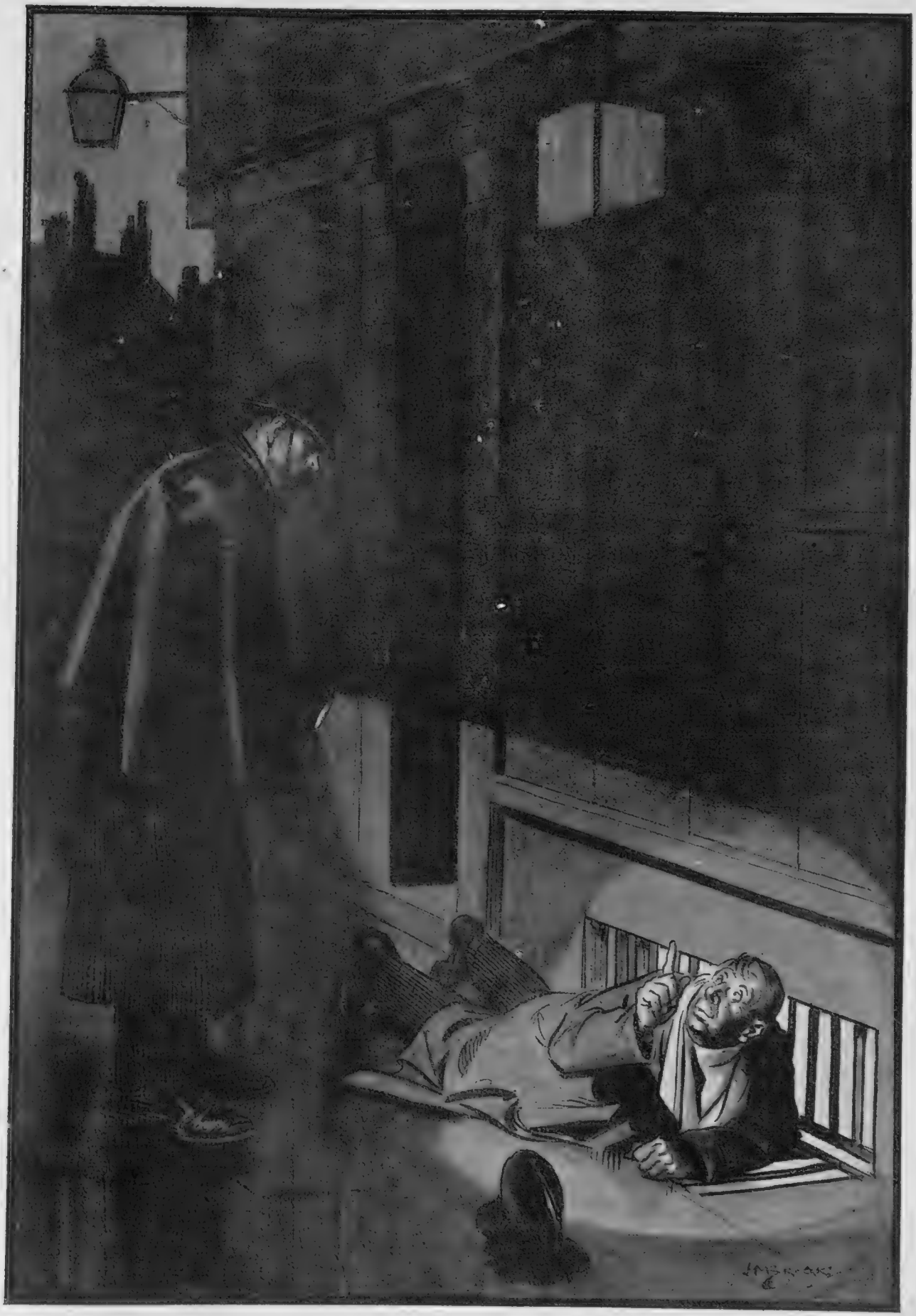
India's Safety

As to our communications with India, that Dominion, resting loyal, would at least be as secure from enemy *sea* attack as it is now. If the enemy were advanced enough to attack India by land, they could do it whether we were or were not in possession of the Suez Canal. In any case, we have the Alliance with Japan to help us in extreme need.

SOMETHING LIKE A BAG

The result of a day's shooting by a couple of our Tommies while resting from the trenches

Merely Doing His Bit



CONSTABLE: "Now then, you can't lie there, you know. Get up and move on."
DROWSY CITIZEN: "It'sh all right conshtable. Lemme alone. There'sh too much light in thish basement and I'm schreenin' it"

BY H. M. BROCK, R.I.

What Does It Mean?

A conscientious newspaper-reader sends us the following extracts from his "diary of events" of the past two months, inviting our readers to draw their own deductions as to the significance of the sequence:—

Oct. 1.—Lord Reading, in Washington, thanks the U.S for help and sympathy.
Oct. 5.—Mr. Asquith sees the King.
French Premier (Viviani) and Minister of Marine visit London.
Oct. 12.—Kitchener in France.
Lords Haldane and Gladstone "have recently returned from France."
Oct 13.—Resignation of Delcassé.
Oct 15.—Kitchener visits the King.
Oct. 18.—Carson resigns.
Oct. 19.—Asquith ill. Millerand visits London.
Solf (German Colonial Secretary) visits the Hague with Wolff-Metternich. Sees Dutch Foreign Minister.
Oct. 20.—Sudden Privy Council at Buckingham Palace.
Oct. 24.—Swiss Frontier closed from Basle to Constance.
Oct. 25.—King arrives in France.
Kaiser reported at Compiègne (French front).
Oct. 27.—Kaiser, back in Berlin, gives unexpected interview to U.S. Ambassador.
Haldane alleged to have visited, on return from France, Foreign and War Offices.
Oct. 28.—Von Bülow announced to be at Lucerne.
Henderson (Minister of Education) admits "peace feelers."
Lloyd George evades answer to question whether peace negotiations have taken place, or whether Government will discourage them.
Oct. 29.—King's accident in France.
Oct. 30.—Joffre suddenly arrives in London.
Nov. 1.—"Political Personage" to arrive in Madrid and submit terms of peace.
Tisza (Hungarian Premier) declares friendship for England.
Nov. 2.—Bülow exchanges telegrams with Pope.
Semi-official Dutch message announces Germany willing to make peace on basis retention line of the Meuse, Namur, and Liège; keeping Courland, and drawing indemnity of £1,500,000,000.
Nov. 3.—*Het Volk* announces German peace terms "laughed to scorn" by Sir E. Grey.
French Ambassador in U.S. (Jusserand) sees President.
Nov. 5.—Kitchener leaves London for Paris.
Food riots in Germany.
Nov. 7.—Kitchener sees Joffre, Briand, and Gallieni.
Nov. 8.—More peace agitation reported in Germany.
Nov. 9.—Food riots in Cologne.
Nov. 11.—Council of "Five" announced. Resignation of Churchill.
Nov. 17.—Bülow reported at The Hague.
Nov. 19.—Bonar Law says "news more hopeful than for many months past: looking at whole tendency of war, things not going so badly as they seem."
Nov. 22.—War Council: Asquith has one hour's audience of King.
Kitchener interviews Constantine.
Nov. 23.—Belgian-American Loan alleged.
Nov. 24.—Kaiser says enemy will soon be "on their knees."
Heavy orders for cotton reported in Belfast for Denmark and Switzerland.
Nov. 25.—Danish Parliament meets with closed doors.
Nov. 26.—Prolonged Cabinet meeting. General D'Amade visits London. More riots in Berlin. Kitchener in Rome.
Nov. 29.—Kitchener in Paris.
Nov. 30.—Kaiser in Vienna.
Three Austrian Ministers resign.
Dec. 2.—Commercial Treaty with Denmark enabling importation of goods for enemy countries.
Dec. 6.—Meeting of War Council of all the Allies in Paris.
Dec. 8.—Asquith says "serious peace proposals will be considered by Allies as a whole."
Dec. 9.—German Chancellor says Germany will listen to peace terms if offered by her enemies.

THE Military Viewpoint

BY MAJOR G. W. REDWAY

I AM told that the *personnel* of the 26th Brigade of the 9th (Scottish) Division feel aggrieved at my saying in The Bystander of November 17 that they were driven from Fosse 8 on September 27; and I am sorry. But, of course, I was simply quoting the official account. We know what despatch-writers are, and I fear the 26th Brigade are not the only sufferers. I now gather that the true story is this: the 26th took not only Fosse 8, but the Hohenzollern Redoubt as well, and held both points until in due course they were relieved by another brigade. It was this brigade, not the 26th, which "soon after dawn" was seen to be in difficulties and "eventually was slowly forced back." Of course, we are not told why this brigade was allowed, for want of support, to evacuate a position of such importance, now that we count our divisions by the score and our brigades by the hundred, and I wonder who really holds the Redoubt and Fosse 8 to-day.

* * * * *

In a dispatch from G.H.Q. last week I noticed that "a small attack was made by our troops to the north of Carnoy," a village which is about forty miles south of La Bassée. The presence of British troops in this region has hitherto been kept a secret, though picture-postcards of certain villages in the Somme valley used to find their way to England through the Field Post Office three months ago. Nowadays the most interesting news is always that which does not appear in the daily paper.

* * *

In regard to military matters the acme of wisdom just now is to realise that scant material for criticism is available, and that praise or blame is impertinent in the absence of full knowledge of the conditions in which Generals are called upon to act. For each campaign—and a round dozen of them are in progress—there is a Commander-in-Chief, who is first of all tied by the policy of his Government, and then in most cases he is hampered by the need of co-operating with an ally, and, lastly, he encounters the friction set up by the independent will of the enemy. And happy, thrice happy, is the Commander who is then at the end of his troubles. But generally his A.A.G. will present him with a "state" to show how amazingly small is the number of "sabres and bayonets" that he can put into the next fight, while his A.Q.M.G. will complain of a shortage of shells or a difficulty about rations. At one period of the Dardanelles operations it was calculated that every time a mule had a drink of water bang went a shilling.

* * * * *

The enemy is always silent about his conferences and eloquent as to his actions. It is just the reverse with the Allies, and this is a pity; because it is unpleasant to learn from foreign sources, for instance, that the Turks in Mesopotamia are using against us

"Boys of the Bulldog Breed"

ASQUITH: "Somehow I can't help thinking we haven't quite got the dogged, relentless look of the original. Of course, after all, it's not exactly our "métier," is it?"

BALFOUR: "No. Still, I daresay, as the years go on, we shall probably hit it off, more or less, to a nicety, and be able to hang on to something or other!"

(The adaptable and plastic George can, of course, do it whenever he likes!)

the six airplanes they captured, and that "south of Strumnitza the Bulgarian troops took eight guns from the British," even though followed by Sunday's telegram to the effect that Serbians from Durazzo were landing at Salonica, while two British divisions disembarked at Kavala. The questions of the immediate future are whether Mackensen will invade Greece in order to attack the Anglo-French forces, whether Russia will cross the Danube, and whether the Italians will land an expedition in Albania. Both the "Ayes" and the "Noes" for any of these propositions may find ample support for their opinions among the medley of messages from newspaper correspondents who go out to see things through parti-coloured spectacles.

Certain it is that from Plevlie in the north of Montenegro to Monastir in the south of Serbia the armies of Marshal Mackensen are in possession. They have control of the Danube as far down as Rustchuk, and, of course, the road to Constantinople and thence to Teheran, Bagdad, and the Suez Canal is open to the Quadruple Alliance. Little as we admire the German character, it is bootless to deny its attractions for Oriental peoples, who like to find their master, and it was a conception worthy of a Walpurgis Night to get up a conflagration in the East by way of relief to the mole warfare in France and Russia.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, *December* 13, 1915.
DEAR COUSIN—

I JUST simply can't realise—can you?—that Christmas is next week, except that the mornings get colder and colder, and me later and later, and my correspondence warmer and warmer—to keep the chill off, no doubt. "The frost-biting season's begun here," a gunner in Flanders writes me, and another's nice and seasonable, anyway, in suggesting that it'd be "a suitable gift to the troops out here if you'd put your photo in the Christmas 'Stand-by-Her,' and so help to solve one of the greatest mysteries of the age."

* * *

"It's rather funny to see the way the dear things glare at each other across one"

Impetuous infants, men, aren't they? Can't leave well alone, sooner have a kiss to-day than twenty to-morrow, and quite dangerously daring—don't you think?—in times when, as someone's put it, the length of a woman's skirt is no indication of the length of her past. And one's burst into verse on the subject, dedicating his muse to "Dear IT (He or She, who knows?)":

Who is this one whose image blurs
The clash of arms, the clink of spurs?
Fair hair, blue eyes and dainty dress,
This describes her more or less.

* * *

I don't know whether it was before or after the St. Andrew's Day dinner given in the mess of the —— Brigade, R.F.A., that he perpetrated it. *After*, I should think, judging by the *menu* which he's sent me along, and which seems a fairly useful one, even for gunners "in rest." Here it is:

ST. ANDREW'S DAY
(November 30, 1915)

It's a braw bricht moonlicht nicht the noo, hoch aye!

Hors d'Œuvres Variés
Potage Quadruple Entente
Filet de Bœuf Sous-Marin Sauce Meurtre
Faisan à la Victoire Sauce Pain K.K.
Bombardier Fritz
Gâteaux Anti-Aircraft
Croûtes de Jambon Boche
Fruits Défendus
Desserts Alliés
Café de Bagdad
Liqueurs Prohibées
Deoch an' Doris

Wines—Xérès, Graves, Whisky d'Écosse, Porto, Curaçao Triple Sec, Fine Champagne, Lime Juice, Punch au Whisky

"The winter fogs make dressing a longer business than ever"

"Resting's" not all dining and wining, though, you know, in Flanders. Chiefly consists, one of them who's doing it has just written me, of coming out of action, marching goodness knows how far back, repairing guns, cleaning waggons and harness, mending clothes and kits, inspecting everything, making out lists that would defeat a universal provider, but all the same—keeping happy. "For we're dry, and we sleep in a bed with sheets and live in a real brick house."

* * *

Some of the Tommy's Cookers that some such awfully kind people have so generously sent me money for have gone this officer's way, by the way. That fellow on H.M.S. ——, he says, who sent such a generous cheque, will get a hearty cheer from the boys in the trenches, and "please tell everyone who's sent anything that the gratitude of the men beggars description." After which my poor thanks hardly seem worth proffering. But I do thank people, all the same, lots and lots and lots. I've really got about enough now.

* * *

Oh, and another nice sailorman, Paulie to wit, I've got to thank for his cheque with the promise of more at the end of the month when the mess secretary shells out the proceeds of the list he's put up on the Ward Room notice board.

* * *

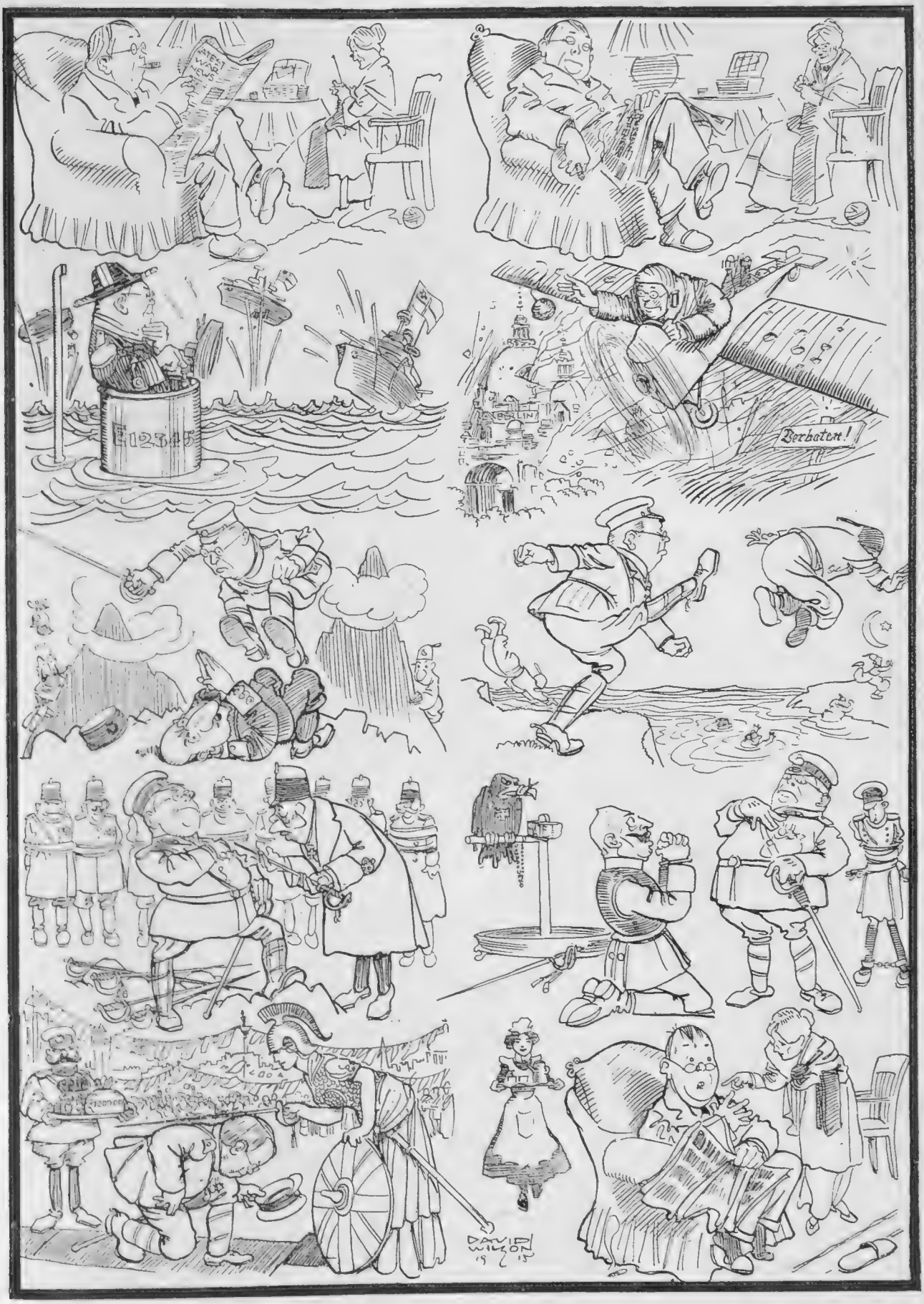
Stout lads, by the way, aren't they, these ones in blue and gold? I've told him my real age and all about the darling dragon dog not liking sailormen, and everything, but he still says "What about a little lunch, Blanche?" or words to that effect. I don't wonder the Germans won't face such boy-boys, do you?

* * *

Rather like the people who go to China for a month and then write books on the Chinese, by the way, is the opinion "over there" of Mr. Redmond's sweeping assertion that on the Western front Germany's beaten. "Personally," says one who's starting his second winter there, "I

(*Continued on page 464*)

"One Crowded Hour of Glorious Life"



THE ARMCHAIR STRATEGIST'S DREAM

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (continued from page 462)

haven't noticed any signs at all of the Germans being done in—but, of course, that may be because I'm too close to them and my views are necessarily limited to a small front and the attendant difficulties of avoiding being done in myself."

* * *

And talking of our soldiermen, "with much love and the best of luck" another mess somewhere in France wants me, "as you've done a good deal to brighten up the poor old Army for the last year or so," to impress a few "Don'ts" on the lads of the New Army now going out. I give them without prejudice.

* * *

"Don't forget your pyjamas or your bath; you will have plenty of opportunity of using both. Don't, if you are a 'Regular' officer, despise the 'Special Reserve' or 'Temporary': he probably comes from a profession that is as far ahead of Germany as yours is behind. Don't, if you are a 'Special Reserve' or 'Temporary' officer, think every 'Regular' is out to crab you: he has been up against 10 to 1 odds for over a year, and is only too pleased to see you.

* * *

"Don't, if you are a Cavalry or Artillery officer, come out garbed as a country squire; horses are not much used in the trenches, and officers' chargers long ago ceased to be issued—your job will probably be trench-digging or mending roads somewhere at the rear. Don't judge a man by either his rank or his regiment: whilst at least one peer of the realm is serving in the ranks of the R.A.M.C., this qualification is not, nowadays, insisted on for a commission in the Household Cavalry.

* * *

"Don't badger your friends and relations to send you out 'comforts' for your men; the Government provide all that they require; failure to obtain your share reflects on you or your Q.M.S. Don't air your views about the Staff: Lord St. Davids expressed the popular view far better than you can hope to do—whether he was right or wrong is another matter. Don't worry your O.C. for promotion; the British Army in Flanders is being run almost entirely by second-lieutenants—if you want promotion stay in England."

* * *

Here in England now we're waiting to hear, and see, the figures of the Derby campaign. I suppose it would be a bit too optimistic to expect that it's been an unqualified success, but if it hasn't there's only one thing to hope, and that's that they won't go starting yet another makeshift scheme just to avoid the chance of trouble with those altogether too uppish Labour people.

"A staff man writes that the new steel helmets are dreadfully ugly and unbecoming—and therefore unpopular"

Anyway, they say there are still more married men than there should be among the people who *are* coming in. Which reminds me of a little conversation overheard in the trenches. "You had a good job and good money and plenty of fun," said one man to his bachelor pal, "What did you come out here for?" "Why, for War, of course," was the answer, "it's the life. But what about *you*, a man with a wife and a home and a family?" "Oh, *I* came out for Peace," said the married man.

* * *

What with the darkness and the earliness of everything and the winter fogs which make dressing a longer business than ever, and a rather down-in-the-dumps feeling about the East, where, really, things do look a bit gloomy—don't they?—London's not a fearfully cheery, Christmassy, in-the-pink sort of a place just now. The Park's deserted, and even the restaurants wouldn't be awfully joyous spots if it weren't for the men on leave, who, however they feel about going back, manage to keep quite festive over here.

* * *

It's rather fun, by the way, sometimes, when you're taking out *both* Services to see the way the dear things glare at each other across one. The blue and gold, you know, is rather down on anything at all uppish in khaki and brown leather, regarding it as a new and strange breed, especially when it's of the swishy-swanky variety. And khaki's got plenty to say on his side about the fellows who sleep in snug bunks every night and don't even know what a trench or a periscope or an "Archie" or a steel helmet look like.

* * *

Seems that even men on active service, where the toilet isn't the *first* consideration, don't like to be made to look plainer than they need. Just had a letter from a Staff man saying how dreadfully ugly and unbecoming—and, therefore, unpopular—the new steel helmets are. More like pudding basins than anything human, he says, and the Tommies haven't taken to them at all. And as for the nutty young subs—you can imagine their feelings, especially those who fairly used to let themselves go over the very latest in floppy Tam-o'-shantery service caps.

* * *

There's still a lot of talk about Thrift, and really in some places quite something doing in that line. The really rich, who must have their cults or expire of boredom, are rather taking up economy as one, being bored, no doubt, by now with the other thing. In Mayfair, *the* home of London *de luxe*, you can positively feel the darkness o' nights—last week, when there wasn't a moon and it was generally foggy, it was really quite dangerous getting around. And at a

(Continued on page 456)

The Leading Lady Neutral

H.M. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN—A NEW PORTRAIT

Photograph *Franzen*

Among neutral Powers in Europe, Spain holds the chief place. Among neutral ladies of the world, H.M. the Queen of Spain holds it, as the American President has not yet celebrated his second marriage. If Madrid should be the scene of the Peace Conference, then H.M. the Queen of Spain will play the rôle of the Hostess of the Hosts, whom it will be her agreeable task to disarm. We hope it will be soon

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 464)

Duchess's great house I was in, where there used to be at least a dozen of the gorgeousest of footmen, there wasn't a single one.

* * *

And one of "the best people" has expressed her sorrow and surprise to see in the big shops and the Christmas bazaars that people are buying for their children almost as expensive and wonderful toys as ever they bought in peace-time; while elsewhere gold bags and gold cigarette-cases are selling nearly as usual. Which certainly doesn't look like economy. Only—it's funny, as I've remarked before, that it's always the people who've *got* all those things who are so astonished when other people, who haven't, want just a specimen or two.

* * *

Rather on a par with Ministers and people preaching Thrift and telling us to give up half our incomes, isn't it? Apropos, it's very amusing the way the poor publican's asking in vain for sympathy 'cos of the perfectly wicked way a thoughtless Government's cutting down his profits. Even what you might call his own particular pets and patrons, the drinking classes, aren't exactly sympathetic—hardly human nature to be too sorry for the man who's got such a lot of your money, is it?

* * *

And the rest of the public's only too thankful, even if it is inconvenienced, that at last the Government's done something to stop the scandal and horror of the drinking in London. Yes, I know all about interference with the rights of a free people and all that. But when free, freely translated, means drunk and undisciplined—well, in war-time, anyway, it's better to be slaves.

* * *

As for those 2,000 or so barmaid people they say will be thrown out of work by the new laws, 'course we're all dreadfully sorry about it. Only on that, too, we needn't go absolutely chucking the sympathy about. Spite of people reducing their staffs so drastically, the domestic problem's still an acute one, anyway in those circles where the cook-general is the pivot on which life turns. Duller job, perhaps, and no one to call you dearie (or whatever they do call barmaids), but what a chance to do "a bit" chat's really badly wanted

* * *

On the subject of profits, and in view of the teashop war prices I was making a little protest about (by request) the other day, I'm really rather entertained to hear from Lord Wemyss, who's been helping to run the soldiers' buffets in France, how they simply couldn't help making money out of the business, though nothing but the best provisions were used.

* * *

After the whinings we've heard from restaurant people about being absolutely forced, much against their will, to put tea up to 2½*d.* a cup so's to avoid the workhouse, it's interesting to know that in this French show they made nearly 300 per cent. profit on tea and cocoa sold at 1*d.* per half-pint!

* * *

And, talking of workhouses, if they really do cut down Ministers' salaries by one-third, as there's a rumour they're thinking of doing, we shall soon hear wailings from them, too—shan't we?—about how hard it is to keep body and soul together on a paltry £3,000 a year—which, I believe, is what the reduced screw would work out at—plus, of course, their private incomes.

* * *

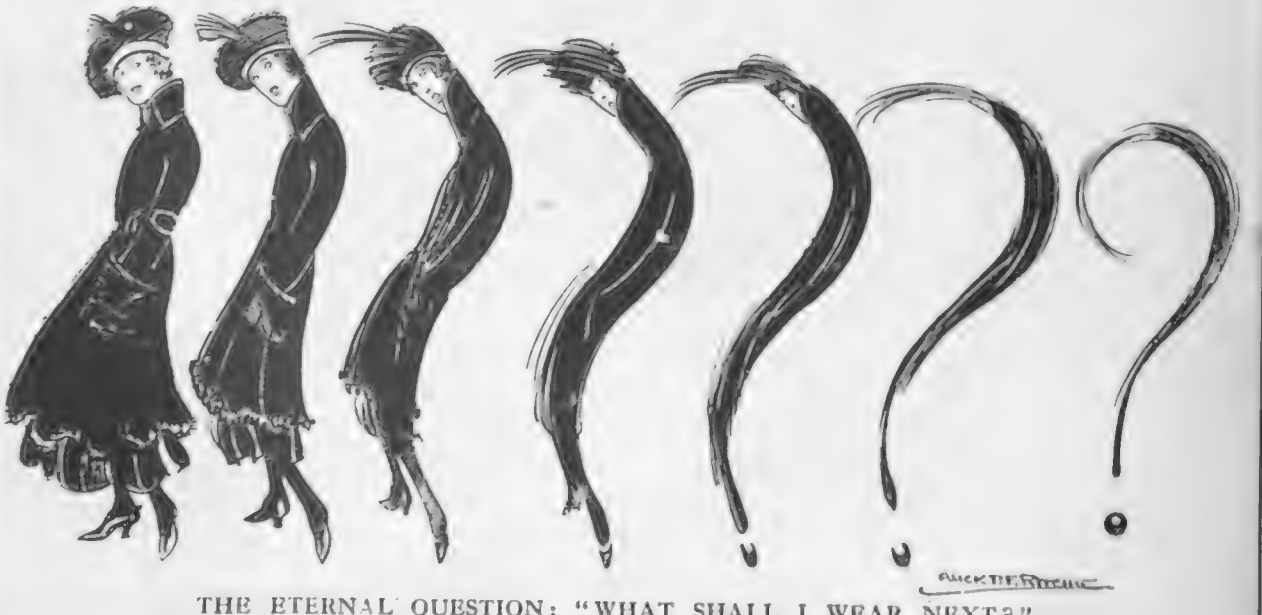
There's an idea, too, that they're even going to dock a bit off the poor dear ordinary M.P.'s. If they do, they won't be able to give many more diamond suns for wedding presents, as they did to the P.M.'s daughter. Anyway, a small cheque for some Red Cross fund would have been rather more in the movement, wouldn't it?

* * *

Lucky it's rather the thing to save now, for it's very expensive—always is to be in the fashion, isn't it?—if you do it in the way you're told to by clever people who write articles about it, anyway. Having been shamed out of my bacon and eggs, I started studying what they called really economical breakfast dishes. "Take a sweetbread," the first one started. But as sweetbreads are seven or eight shillings a pair. . . .

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE



THE ETERNAL QUESTION: "WHAT SHALL I WEAR NEXT?"

His Christmas Box

"SOMEONE HAD BLUNDERED"

"Somewhere in Flanders"

BY OUR CORRESPONDENT AT THE FRONT

My Dear Bystander—

War is war, of course, and the very word war is synonymous with every form of annoyance known to the human family, the qualification of which is only a matter of degree, but in the opinion of a man I have just come across, the fact of somebody you have never met in your life before coming quietly along and making off with the house you have spent the whole night erecting, ranks high in the category of minor annoyances of the *genre* which break a fellow's heart for all time. This is what happened to Sinclair, of the Kite Balloon Squadron, and he hasn't smiled since.

* * *

The vicissitudes of fortune indicating an immediate change of scene and surroundings, Sinclair and a detachment of his gallant men went forward to arrange for billets in a neighbouring farmhouse and at the same time to erect the mess, a beautiful and serviceable little structure composed of light deal wood in convenient sections. All night they toiled in the labours of erection, and when the morning came there stood revealed as neat and comfortable a little mess as the heart of man could wish.

A PRETTY TASTE IN HORTICULTURE

LADY BORE (*Visitor at Our Cottage Hospital*): "I —er want to send you dear fellows some flowers—what are your favourites?"

SHRAPNEL CHARLIE: "Woodbines, lady—wild woodbines"

The labour o'er, Sinclair and his party returned to prostrate their wearied frames in the farmhouse billets. Refreshed in mind and body, they arose some hours later, and made their way back to the scene of toil, only to make the distressing discovery that somebody of a super-enterprising disposition had got there first and had carried the whole blooming building bodily away, lock, stock, and barrel!

* * *

And the only evidence they could ever collect was that of an *estaminet* patron who declared he had seen some men piling what looked like portions of a house on top of a motor lorry, and he was filled with admiration at the promptitude and despatch with which they carried out the work. All of which but illustrates once again how inscrutable are the decrees of Providence.

* * *

That you can never be too careful in this bad, sad world was brought home to me only yesterday evening in the neighbourhood of the Belgian dunes.

* * *

It was a peerless night; the round full face of Diana smiled blandly down upon a semi-frozen humanity illumining with clear cold rays the bleak unlovely landscape battered by a year of war, until it almost seemed as if night had been changed into day. As we passed along the pitted road which traverses the wide expanse of sanded wilderness we found ourselves absorbed in the human flotsam and jetsam of that troubled region, little detachments of shivering soldiery coming and going between trench and billet.

* * *

The night was bitterly cold, and there was some Government rum not a hundred miles away. We quaffed a posset, passed it round, quaffed again, and hurried on our way.

* * *

Walking subsequently through the shattered village, I noticed a soldier who appeared to me to be loafing aimlessly among the ruins, so, somehow, on the inspiration of the moment, I exclaimed, a little sharply, "*Que faites vous là, jeune homme?*" (in perfect Berlitz). The man replied that he was on guard, and immediately produced his papers. "*Et-vous?*" he retaliated, somewhat nettled, "*Vous-même. Que faites vous ici?*" With careless ease I put my hand in my pocket to pull out my identity card, and found I had left it in my other tunic! It is only fair to the man to place on record that as he marched me along to his commanding officer he nobly refrained from giving utterance to such remarks as the French equivalent for "Well, what about it now, young feller-me-lad?" or "Let's hope this will larn you," as might many a man cast in a coarser mould.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

Humours from the Front—No. 29

OUR DEMOCRATIC ARMY

MEMBER OF NAVVIES' BATTALION (to Colonel): "I say, yer mate's dropped 'is cane"

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Now for Dignity!

WITH CONSCRIPTION LET THERE BE CALM

BY "DOWNWRITER"

WHEN at war, a nation has to devote so much of its energy to being brave and resourceful that, perhaps, such a thing as dignity does not very much matter. Needs must when the devil drives, and a few lapses from *le bon ton* can be allowed, provided the main business of winning the war is got on with (I assume that the war *has* been got on with, and that we *are* winning it). There comes, however, a time when bravery and resource are not the whole bag of tricks, and I think the time is coming, or has come, when dignity may as well be restored to its ancient place in the national equipment. The time approaches, without a doubt, when the neutrals and the enemy have to be—I won't say bluffed—impressed—that's the word! They have to get a view of a cool, serene, confident Britain, which means another kind of Britain than that which is at present envisaged by the foreigner through our newspapers.

Our papers, during the war, with certain noble exceptions, have been undignified. They have contrived to tell us the news of the day with voice and gesture that would not be approved by the late Lord Chesterfield. We have been shrieked at, and groaned at, according as the news has been good or bad. The enemy—a foe worthy of respect for his purely military qualities—has been "called names," and subjected to a continuous fusillade of cheap wit. Abuse and ribaldry have never really helped any nation to victory. Towards ourselves, in our moments of misfortune, we have assumed the air not of sober self-criticism, but of demented, Dervish-like self-persecution. When anything has gone unexpectedly right, and we have won slight apparent local successes (as at Neuve Chapelle and Loos), we have patted ourselves on the back in a way quite un-British and the reverse of dignified. When things have gone wrong, we have kicked and punched ourselves in a fashion that breaks altogether with the national tradition.

The moment has come when it is permissible to raise the national tone. The *raison d'être* of extravagances has passed. It is no longer necessary for the newsman to get out his papers with the intent to help raise recruits. Lord Derby has rounded up all the possible volunteers. The remainder are entered up in the Book of Jasher, and are to be dealt with by the law of the land. Gone, therefore, is the patriotic obligation to screech, to groan, to rage, or to perform any antics whatever. The public can now be just given the news of the day, and whatever the newspaper man thinks it right to say about it, without any obligation on the editor's part to use news and comment as a means for helping the raising of armies. Is there a check in Mesopotamia? Very well, then, there is a check in Mesopotamia. A pity, of course; but there it is, and it will be dealt with by the authorities according to their skill and wisdom. There is no need to employ the bad news of the check in Mesopotamia or anywhere else as a means of inducing reluctant young Hodge or Giles to go into the Army, because young Hodge and Giles are either in the Army already as volunteers or very soon will be as conscripts.

Have the Germans "done it again"—something characteristically ruthless, dishonourable, such as sinking a hospital ship or executing a woman? Yes, they have done it again. It is a subject for righteous and *dignified* indignation, but not for hydrophobia, *delirium tremens*, or locomotor-ataxy. When a "Hun" outrage was officially regarded as "good recruiting business," it may have been patriotically pardonable for the newspapers to "get 'em again." Now that the Government has got its recruits, or can get them, without the need to infect them with acute mental disorder, the newspapers can revert to methods of sanity. They can censure the awful deed in the manner of judges rather than of screech-owls.

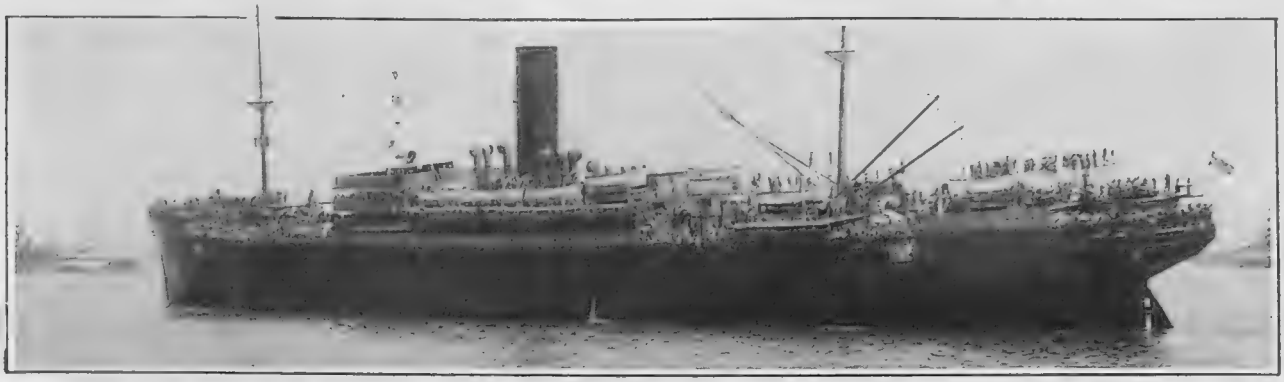
Not only will the license to be gentlemen give rest to Fleet Street's much-tried nerves, but the exercise of it will be positively of value to the national cause. As I have reason to know by personal experience in neutral countries recently visited, Britain has lost her ancient reputation for *sang-froid*, and has got to be looked on as sadly afflicted with the jumps. Now if, in business, a man comes to you to solicit your favour who possesses the aforesaid jumps, your habit is to have him taken quickly out of your office. You don't deal with men with the jumps, however promising their proposition. It is the same with the neutral. Be it Holland, or Scandinavia, or Spain, or the States from whom we seek favours—and we have need of assistance from them before the enemy gets it—it will be well for us to calm ourselves, and revert to the "contemplative fashion" extolled in Gilbert's "Patience."

One concession the public has a right now to demand from the newspapers is that they cease the odious practice of ridiculing the civilian because he is in mufti. Henceforth, when Conscription has come, a man in mufti will be one who has the right to be in mufti. Enough of these pernicious caricatures of types of "slacker" who exist nowhere else than in the caricaturist's diseased imagination. It has been an act of barefaced treachery to depict the youth of England, for the edification of the enemy Press, as monkey-faced weaklings hiding from the daylight. If such types of Englishmen exist, let them lie. To enlist them anyhow in the Army would be of no service whatever to their King and country.

If we have to have Press Censors, why not a Censor of Manners? Let the next paper that has to lose its "essential parts" have them removed for the offence not of indiscretion, but of indignity. To the Tower with the next disturber of the national phlegm: let him lose his head for losing his head. DOWNWRITER

The Expeditionary Habit

LATEST BRITISH ARRIVALS AT THE DOORS OF THE BALKAN THEATRE



A TROOPSHIP ARRIVING IN THE GULF OF SALONICA. SOLDIERS CHEERING A PASSING MAN-OF-WAR

TROOPS AND SUPPLIES COMING ASHORE AT SALONICA ON A RAFT

NEWLY ARRIVED BRITISH SOLDIERS STARTING FOR THEIR QUARTERS AFTER DISCHARGING STORES

The landing of troops and supplies is one of the most difficult problems of military science. It is also one in which the ever-widening sphere of the Allies' operations is giving them plenty of practice. At Salonica, owing presumably to shallow water inshore, rafts have to be employed

Boys and Girls Co

ETONIANS AT AN ORDNANCE DEPOT

A WHEELBARROW SQUAD
Prince Henry is seen carrying a spade

Photographs *Sport and General*

HOISTING A SERVICE CART FROM A RAILWAY TRUCK

FOOTBALLERS IN THEIR ELEMENT—GETTING A "SHOVE" ON

Instead of taking part in their usual games the majority of the boys at Eton spent their Founders' Day holiday on the Monday of last week as war workers at Didcot. Only those who were members of the Officers Training Corps were allowed to go, but they nevertheless numbered over 500, including Prince Henry, the King's third son, who is a member of the Corps

me Out to—Work!

HUNTING DAMSELS AT A REMOUNT DEPOT

STABLE "LADS" EXERCISING THE HORSES IN A STRING

A HARNESS-CLEANING JOB

AT WORK IN THE BOXES

These photographs were taken at a remount depot where ladies only are employed. They are all hunting women and their task is to train horses which come to the depot soft and unfit. The régime of the depot is similar to that of a training stable, and the ladies make most efficient "hands." It goes almost without saying that the use of the side-saddle is forbidden

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Samples" at the Playhouse

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS revue is a distinct asset to the gaiety of Town. It is not only a thing of beauty; it is extremely mirth-provoking as well. And mirth is not so easily provoked in these dismal times. The chief humorist is Mr. Bert Coote, who has the invaluable faculty of being able to talk utter nonsense as if it were the most serious thing in the world. Mr. Coote is part of the plot that starts the revue with a valiant show of positively being about to present a connected story. But the plot very soon gets lost; and it is only fair to say that we don't miss it. Mr. Harry Grattan, the author of the revue, has a nice genius for dropping a subject the moment it threatens to become at all dull. An agreeable accord is manifest between the humorist and his composers, and the result is a most satisfyingly complete entertainment.

Mr. Coote is presented as the last of the "Slackers." He is one of the idle rich—very idle, and very rich. For his benefit the legend of Faust is revived. He makes some sort of a compact with Mephistopheles—you could not hear the details for the laughter—and then all at once it appears that Meph considers that he has not been treated with the respect due to his very low station. I think the idea is that he has lost his grip on humanity by reason of the fact that the last year or so has revealed a rather formidable competitor for the "bad eminence" hitherto the monopoly of *the* Wicked One. Anyhow, Meph disappears in a cloud of smoke (or is it poison gas?), threatening to make himself extremely unpleasant to Mr. Coote and his friends. The first thing that happens is that Mr. Coote begins to see double. More than that, we see double ourselves; and I assure you that, as far as I am concerned, I am one of the most tempera—— well, let it go at that. There are, to begin with, the Terry Twins, two comedians so ridiculously alike that even the compiler of the programme has to admit his inability to say which is playing which part. Presently we find Mr. Coote, as a country curate, being called upon to arrange for a christening and for the publication of the banns of marriage.

This is where old Meph gets in his deadly work. The lady and gentleman who want their banns published are the very image of the lady and gentleman who have come to see about the baby's baptism; and Mr. Coote is left stranded with the baby in his arms, uncertain as to whether he should hand it to the father and mother or—to the engaged couple! After a good deal of argument and a perfect hurricane of laughter he passes the infant over to the leader of the orchestra, and hurries off the stage, as the riddle has been too much for him to solve. A little later the Terry brothers have a scene in which they prove that they can do something else besides looking bewilderingly alike. They have a little boxing match. To the uninstructed observer, the brief glove fight is conducted with a fearful brutality; but there is obviously an illusion somewhere; and the audence sends shriek after shriek of laughter up to High Heaven at the sight of one Terry knocking the other Terry's face about with remorseless and unrestrained ferocity. You could hear the padded thumps a tremendous distance away, every time the audience stopped laughing for a moment in order to get its breath back.

After a really gorgeous scene of song and sentiment illustrative of the shores of Honolulu, and the kind of thing that goes on there, we are switched off to what is described on the programme as "A London Drawing-Room," though it is admitted that "mistakes will occur." The mistake in this instance arises from the fact that the "drawing-room" in question is that of a busy dentist, and everybody knows how funny the dentist's parlour is to everybody but yourself. As a matter of fact, the whole scene is a series of mistakes with Mr. Bert Coote on hand with his deadly serious manner to heighten their utter nonsensicality. We are to assume that he has called at the "drawing-room" for what is politely called an "extraction," and the events that lead him to think better of the rash project must be seen to be believed. JINGLE

"DRAWING-ROOM" EMOTION: "NEXT, PLEASE!"

"SAMPLES"

"Samples" at the Playhouse (smoking allowed) promises to be one of the most successful revues of the season. Although claiming to be no more than "samples," it is actually "the goods" themselves. And very good goods at that

"One of the little ladies put a white-gloved finger on a ruby lip, nodded three times, and said, 'Ah, voilà!'"

The Bystander in PARIS

MEMORIES OF JANE MAY

I THINK, if you don't mind, we'll talk about something quite outside the war to-day. I have been meeting some people at tea who wanted to know when I, as a journalist, really thought it would be over, and who nodded funny little Dogberry hats at one another sagely when I looked round the wickedly crowded teashop, and said that although there were no tickets for bread, hot or cold, in Paris, tea was becoming a more indigestible duty than ever.

One of the little ladies put a white-gloved finger on a ruby lip (unless she can get her gloves *very* cheaply I should have thought it dangerous, myself), nodded three times, and said, "*Ah, voilà!*" just like that, as if she had manufactured me herself and was proud of her work. I was rather a success at that tea, altogether, and my hostesses took away with them from my Sibylline ignorance the illusion of a vast amount of special inside knowledge. *I* took away too many different kinds of cakes (when one comes to think of it, they, too, were inside knowledge), and now I'd rather not talk about the war any more this week, if you don't mind.

Besides, I want to talk about *L'Enfant Prodigue*. A very large red hand fell out of a blue naval cuff on to my shoulder, the other afternoon, and when we had satisfactorily proved that we were in a country where temperance is secured without the need for a "no-treating" order, we lit pipes and talked over old times.

"'Member?" he said, "that pantomime thing you've talked about ever since I've known you?" "Pantomime thing?" I asked. "Yes, that French thing in dumb show you and the Governor used to go and see every Saturday afternoon, as if you were going to church." "Oh," I said, "*L'Enfant Prodigue*. They've revived it in London." "Yes, I know," said my young friend, the naval lieutenant. "That's what I'm trying to tell you. I tried to get the old man out to see it with me, but he wouldn't go. I went with Marjorie instead. Rather pretty, I thought."

I didn't get up and rend that boy. And I didn't want to upset such French friends of mine as there might be in the café by the sight of an elderly journalist batting an officer of His Majesty's Navy over the head with a volume of Kipling. A volume of Kipling was the only weapon I had in my pistol-pocket at the time. Besides, that boy's father and I are old friends. So it is perfectly natural that Jack, R.N., though he's always very nice to me, should look on me as a back number. When you get to the stage of being introduced to other breezy young men with whom you would like to frolic as "an old pal of the Governor's, but quite a sport," the only thing that can save your self-respect is a white feather from a short-sighted recruiting enthusiast, isn't it?

"But, Jack," I said, "didn't the poetry in it, catch you? Didn't you feel the longing to go and see it again?" Jack chuckled. He really hasn't changed much since his legs used to be bare, and he wore

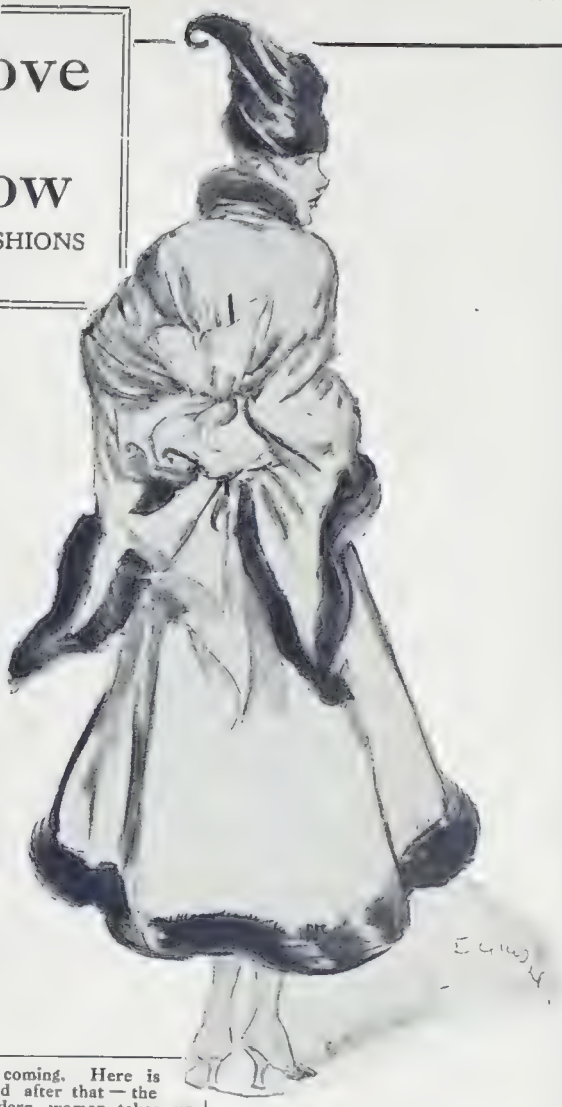
(Continued on page 478)

"A very large red hand fell out of a blue naval cuff on to my shoulder"

Fur Above and Fur-below

SOME WINTER FASHIONS FROM PARIS

For once winter fashions are *wintry*. Muffledness has succeeded nakedness, and colds are now caught in ankles



The bustle is coming. Here is the shawl. And after that — the crinoline? Modern woman takes up a lot of room

The Early-Victorian Touch plus a generous dash of 1915. "Swishiness" is the correct expression of the femininity of the moment

What is lacking in the length of the skirt is made up in the height of the very last word in collars

Whatever may be the extent to which economy is being practised just now, its influence has certainly not yet extended to the domain of woman's dress. Everything is furred this winter, and furs, as we all know, are not cheap

DRAWN BY ROSE LE QUESNE

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded from page 476*)

"I've got a little silver statuette of her as Pierrot, smelling the rose"

"Looking like a girl of about sixteen, with her hair in a long pigtail"

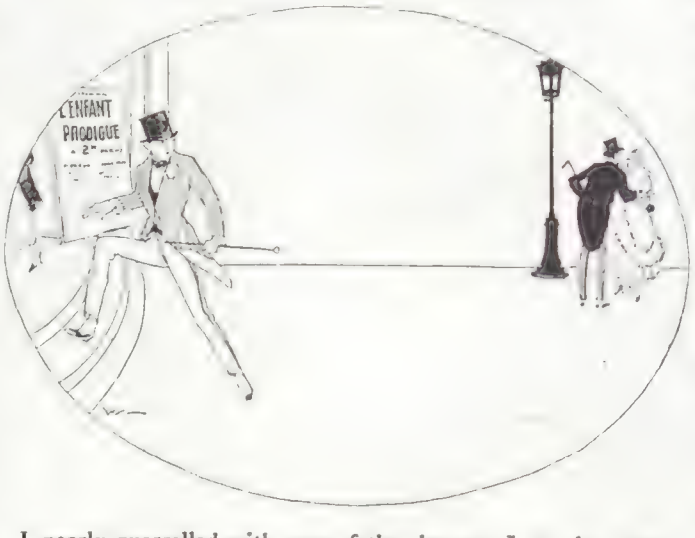
a little white tunic over very wee knickerbockers. "Tell us about it," he said. "Tell us why the Governor doesn't want to go and see it again, and why you've got a look in your wicked old eye which makes me think of a book called 'Love Stories of History,' which I saw among the fourpennies in a secondhand book-shop the other day."

"I'm told," I said, "that little Andrée Mieily (her real name is Andrée Moncharmont, you know) is very sweet as Pierrot, but——." "Oh, yes, I know," said Jack, "you're like the Governor. He turns his eyes up, too, and says, 'Jane May!'" "I've got a little silver statuette of her as Pierrot," I said, "smelling the rose, and I've got a photograph of her in ordinary clothes, looking like a girl of about sixteen, with her hair in a long thick pigtail. It's an interesting photograph because it is one of the very few unsigned photos of actresses I have, and it shows that curious long upper lip of hers and—" "'Steady the Buffs!'" said Jack. "I'm always having to remind the old man that I've got a mother. He starts off about Jane May just like that."

And isn't it rather wonderful that a wordless play and an actress who was young a quarter of a century ago should take such a hold of the imagination of a man who has had a good deal to do with the theatre, one way and another, for a good many years? I saw Henry Irving play Shylock for the first time, or nearly the first time, he played it, and I have missed very little of importance in theatrical matters on either side of the Channel since. And yet *L'Enfant Prodigue* and Jane May stand apart. I never met Jane May to speak to until she was a charming little lady of middle age, who had been very ill and lived by giving lessons. I found I couldn't talk to her at all. I could only watch for little things out of the past, little movements which brought memories with them. I don't think she ever knew what a compliment I had paid her. She thought me "nice, but rather dull," I'm sure.

"Fourteen times you went to see it, didn't you?" said Jack "Yes", I said, "and I nearly quarrelled with your father because I got in, once, one afternoon, when he couldn't go." "But, you know," he said, "I thought it very charming and very graceful, and wonderful music and beautifully acted and all that, but I don't fall down and worship it like you and the Governor do."

"I'm not at all sure," I said, "that we fell down and worshipped it till afterwards. We simply had to go and see it every time we could, that's all, and little Jane May took us right away from ordinary sordid everyday life into fairyland, where joy is real buoyant joy, and music is the very skin of life, instead of something which you listen to with a cigarette, after a meal, and poetry is far more real than shoe leather, and money simply doesn't count. The roguishness, the youth of her, the . . . But, of course, it is twenty-four years ago."



I nearly quarrelled with your father because I got in, once, one afternoon, when he couldn't go"

"Yes," said Jack, and that huge hand of his tightened round my shoulders, "yes, and you were twenty-four years older, then, and it has taught you to be young."

Wonderful how these children grow up and understand things, isn't it? JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Little Surprises of the War

AT THE FRONT AND AT HOME

PROBABLE EFFECT ON THE ENEMY'S NEW ELECTRIC BREECHES OF A WOLFF'S WIRELESS BULLETIN

An Austrian professor is said to have invented a method of keeping soldiers warm in the trenches by means of electrically-heated threads in their nether garments

BOBBY (*suddenly waking up*): "IS IT SANTA CLAUS OR—OR THE CROWN PRINCE?"

Things that don't Matter

BY "QUIDNUNC"

THE Churchill boom is beginning. One paper whispers to us that the great man has been "under fire," and another that "he is very keen and excellent company." But a panting public will expect much more than this. If it be impossible to provide Major Churchill with a special "Eye-Witness" all for himself, might not the officer most immediately in touch with him be appointed "Mr. Hear-say"?

* * *

If ever you wish to learn what her Society friends really do think of a bride invite them to describe her wedding for a Society paper. Bachelor friendships notoriously succumb after marriage, but women evidently fall out before.

* * *

The elderly ladies who are so busy just now in rushing impoverished subalterns to the altar are known as "Baby-snatchers." They have done more than anyone else to popularise life in the trenches.

* * *

Now that it is known that intoxicants can be obtained at the House of Commons during prohibited hours, political questions are finding hosts of new students. Bevies of thirsty gentlemen sally forth from West-End Clubs and put their M.P. "through it." If this campaign continues our harassed politicians will be clamouring for entertainment allowances.

* * *

Neither Sir Edward Carson nor Lord Charles Beresford is forming a National Party. The only attempt to form a new Party during the last week was made by a Business Man who, when he issued his appeal, forgot in many cases to stamp his letters.

* * *

There will be no new Party until someone finds some money. Parties are very expensive things, and are curiously dependent on Honours Lists. The old Parties are nearly bankrupt. That Mr. Masterman should have been provided for by the State is as much a reflection on Radical insolvency as it is a tribute to Radical ingenuity.

* * *

Will someone ask for a Parliamentary return to show the number of men who were employed as political agents and paid workers and speakers when the war broke out, and who are now in occupation of public posts at the public expense? This return would be an eye-opener!

SOLDIER'S WIFE *(alluding to black eye, a present from the lodger when asked for the rent)*: "It ain't my good looks I cares abaht, but see the awk'ard position it puts me in. No one 'll believe as my 'usband ain't back from the front"

Some of the Metropolitan Boroughs were splendidly generous to their employees who enlisted, and made them handsome allowances out of the rates. The result is that patriotism has in many cases spelt profit—of course, at the ratepayers' expense. I hear that the Local Government Board auditors have strong views on this matter, and that a portion of these allowances has been personally surcharged against the Councillors who made them. And quite right, too! Poor Bumbledom. Give unto others as you would give unto your own.

* * *

An early reduction in Ministerial salaries may be expected. The piquant feature in the business is that Ministers are to assess their own values. We have long had our own ideas of what some of these gentlemen are worth. Now we shall have theirs. "F. E.'s" assessment of "F. E." will be particularly interesting. At present I gather that he nets as much as thirteen Jellicoes. And Mr. Birrell, is he really as valuable as some half-dozen fighting Colonels?

* * *

But the new system is wholly wrong. No public man should have any such impossible burden thrown on him. The valuation should be made by absolutely impartial persons. Sir John Simon, for instance, should undoubtedly be appraised by the Editor of the *Times*. Mr. Birrell might fittingly be taken in hand by Sir Edward Carson, and "F.E." by a soulful committee of the Y.M.C.A., with Dr. Clifford in the chair and Horatio nowhere near. Or the Editor of THE BYSTANDER might value the lot as "a going concern," with special consideration for Sir Edward Grey.

* * *

Are our by-elections to be contested after all? Watch the nimble Horatio! Nor does this resourceful person stand alone. The whisper that he has high-placed alliances in both Parties is a little startling, but probably true. The goings and comings, dinners and lunches of Horatio are quite as important, and would be infinitely more revealing than Ministerial movements.

* * *

Who is the famous Editor who pleasantly and quite correctly described his own journal as "a —— paper for —— people"? To "see red" in war-time is, perhaps, natural, but why *talk* red? Oh fie!

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The Vicissitudes of Corporal Dubois

BY "JACK JOHNSON"
("*The Bystander in Flanders*")

IT is always a pleasure and an honour to make the acquaintance of men who have done stirring deeds and have seen strange sights, and when chance, one day, threw me in the path of Corporal Dubois, recently of the — *ième régiment d'infanterie*, and now in a Staff Office at the Base, I gladly offered him a 5 centime cheroot I had purchased in the village *librairie*, and was genuinely pained when he refused to accept it. In private life Corporal Dubois (as I will call him) is well-known in Paris Society as a man of considerable means with a penchant for a life of adventure. He has hunted black rhinoceros in Somaliland, ferreted rabbits in Somerset, performed parachute descents, explored unhealthy tracts of Patagonia, pursued the nimble nugget in the Klondyke at the time of the first great rush, and indulged in diverse other exploits necessitating the maximum of courage and initiative.

Then came the war, and after some enjoyable stunts in an armoured car, Corporal Dubois found himself among that gallant little band of Territorials who fought so heroically to save a certain town in France from the Kaiser's hordes. But B—— was doomed to fall, and with the enemy pouring through the gates and realising that the game was up, Dubois decided to follow out a preconceived arrangement. So, with infinite wisdom, he fled with the speed of Achilles to the house of a friend, where he found awaiting him in the *salon* a neat tweed suiting with a herring-bone pattern, a pair of long yellow boots, and a bowler hat, together with a passport and identification card, which informed him that his name was now André Beaulieu, chandler.

And for three solid months André Beaulieu tarried in B—— at the house of his friends, neglecting his chandling in favour of the fascinating occupation of assimilating the maximum amount of reliable information in the minimum amount of time before attempting to escape from the town.

As a result of suspicious Teutonic glances that were levelled at him during his frequent promenades in the street he was led to adopt a dot-and-carry-one style of carriage, a mode of procedure which not only hurt his pride, but also occasioned him acute physical discomfort, which was not lessened by the fact that his right boot pinched him in four different places at once. Many a time his throbbing foot would oblige him to rest for a moment and peruse the cheering notice on the walls and lamp-posts, which informed him that any French soldier discovered in civilian clothes would be shot forthwith.

In André's opinion the Germans, on the whole, are behaving well in B——, though on the first three days of their arrival soldiers were despatched along most of the principal streets armed with fire bombs, which they scattered indiscriminately among the houses with a view to intimidating the unfortunate townsmen who remained, quite indifferent to the fact that in nearly every cellar there were civilians huddling in terror too frightened to attempt to run away, and unaware whether the Germans had taken the town or were still being held at bay. There can be little doubt that many hundreds of wretched citizens were buried beneath the *débris* of their burning homes.

On one occasion two French officers disguised as Germans were suspected of having entered B—— in a motor-car. Every house in the town was searched by German police, and André found it necessary to take refuge in a small laurel bush in his friend's garden. It so happened that a few months previously a moribund cat had seen fit to select that identical laurel bush as a suitable venue from which to shuffle off this mortal coil, and André said that for two terrible hours he was subjected to a form of refined frightfulness which—come what may—he will remember to his dying day.

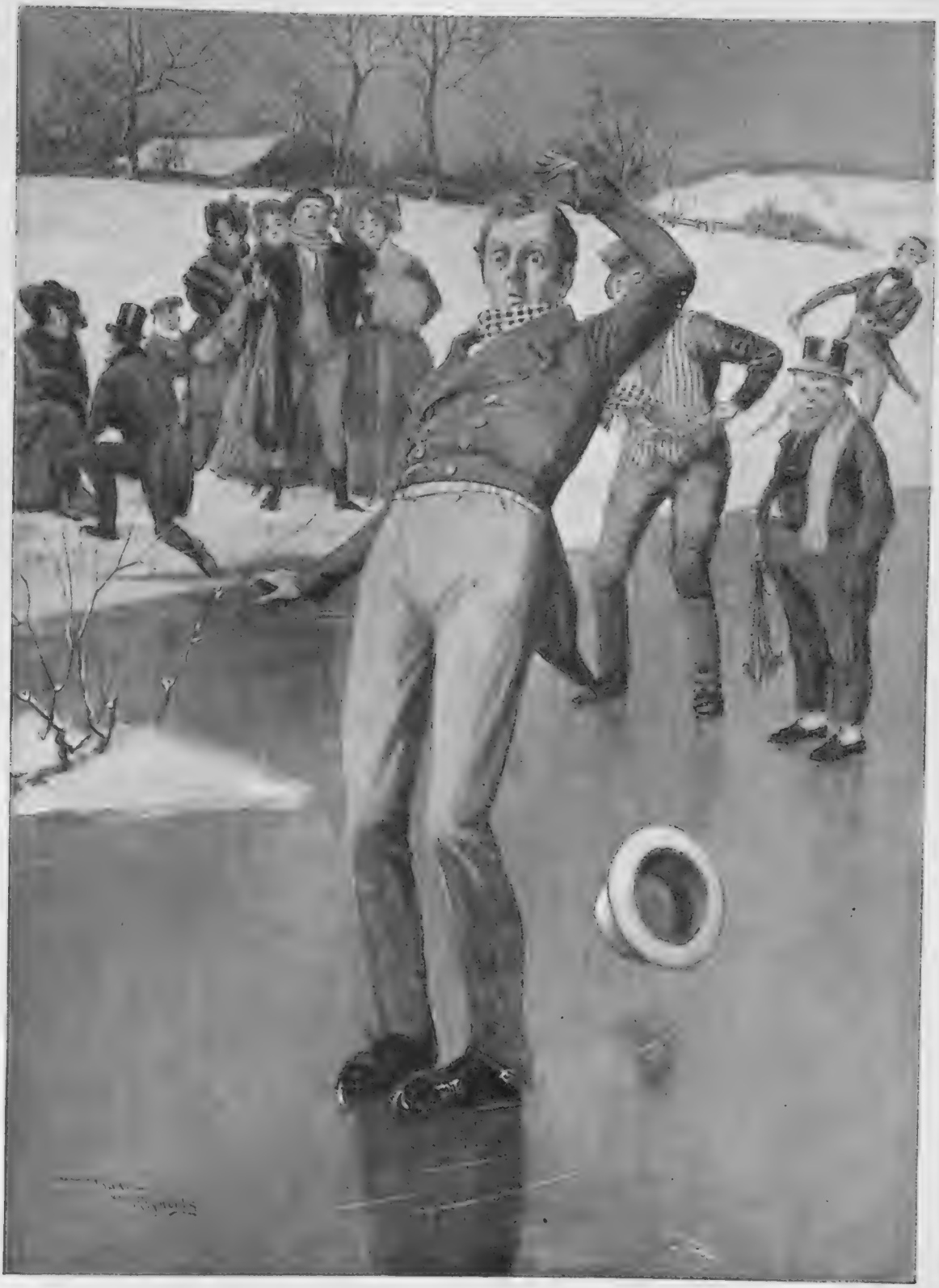
After three long months devoted to the acquisition of interesting information André decided that the time had come for flight, and he discussed the question with his patriotic friends, the engravers. Monsieur X——, the engraver, fortunately enjoyed the friendship of an equally patriotic lace manufacturer living in the town, and the latter, after a great deal of difficulty, succeeded in obtaining a permit to go to Brussels to buy material for his *fabrique*. This he handed on to André with a substituted photograph, and for the next twenty-four hours André, who now rejoiced in the name of Tétaud, was crammed with the domestic history of his adopted family, and when he was not listening to a recital of the youngest girl's celebrated recovery from whooping cough in 1913, he was hearing all about the nimble art of manufacturing lace. Thus did he set out prepared for his perilous undertaking.

Arrived at Brussels he presented himself at the German passport bureau, and solicited his *autorisation de séjour* to remain in the town as per business requirements explained in his travelling permit.

It was then that the heart of Tétaud went out in gratitude to his friends in B—— for the short fat man with close-cropped hair and a physiognomy of extraordinary unpleasantness began at once to subject him to a heart-to-heart cross-examination in crude guttural French on the painful subject of his identity. His wife's name was Marcelle? Very well. What was her height and age? Did she, or did she not, wear false teeth—if so, how many?

And was she in the habit of hanging her hair on the back of a chair before retiring to rest? Certainly not! What were the ages of all the children, and had little Raoul ever suffered from chicken-pox? If so, what was the name of the doctor called in to cope with it, and where did he live? How many employés had he in his factory, and how many stitches did it take to make a lady's lace handkerchief, and what was the cash price for a treble-fang loom woggle?

(*All rights strictly reserved*)
(*Continued on page 486*)



MR. WINKLE ON THE ICE —"*Pickwick Papers.*"

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Owing to the War these Homes are in great need.

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Meltonian Cream

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If any difficulty write for nearest retailer's address to:

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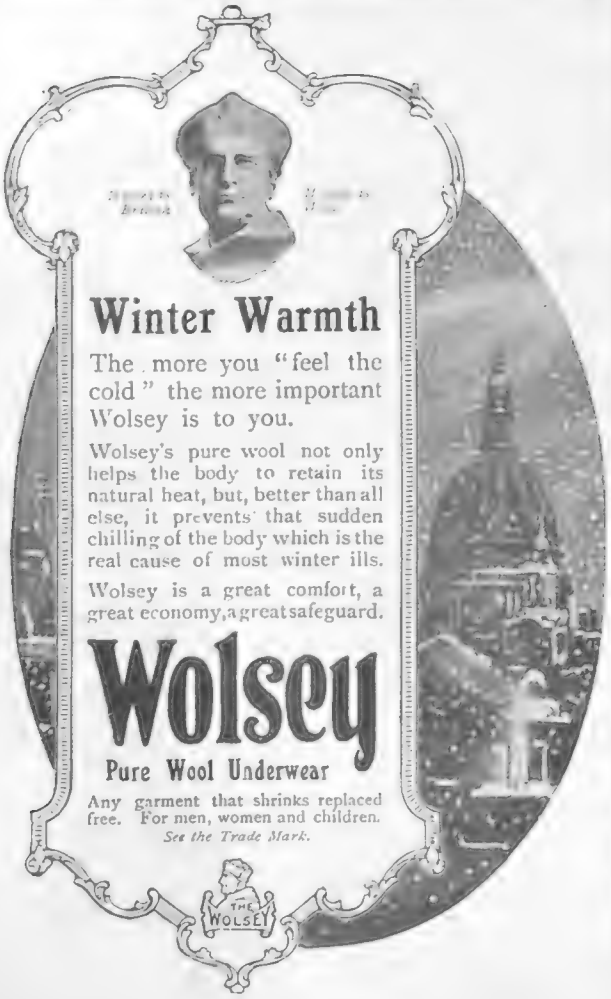

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A Model of Organisation

THE PERSONALITIES OF THE INNS OF COURT O.T.C.

THE IRISH SELECTION BOARD IN DUBLIN

Standing (left to right): R. W. Brown (Hon. Sec.), W. Dick (Barrister), Dr. D. J. Coffey, J. D. A. Johnson, LL.D., J. Sealy (Barrister), Surgeon J. McArdle, Capt. W. C. Stevenson, R.A.M.C. (Medical Officer to Corps). Sitting: Sir E. O'Farrell, C.B. (Vice-Chairman), Brigadier-General F. Waldron, Rt. Hon. Mr. Justice Ross, C.B. (Chairman), Col. J. McDonnell, C.B., and Rt. Hon. W. F. Bailey, C.B.

THE recent War Office action regarding Officers' Training Corps has, it is agreeable to relate, not affected the work of the two leading national training bodies, the Inns of Court O.T.C. and the Artists Rifles. During the past week, many hundreds of "Derby" recruits have been enrolled in the Inns of Court, to come up for training therein when their groups are called up. The country is thus assured, up till the end of the war, of a continuous supply of likely officers, who in the shortest space of time compatible with efficiency will be fitted for commissions. Colonel Errington, who commands, is a man who is the ideal of his officers and men, and no man is recommended for a commission unless he has proved himself thoroughly versed in military training. The organisation of the Inns of Court Corps is a model. As a well-known politician remarked the other day it is quite capable of turning a General Election. It consists of 22,000 information bureaux scattered throughout the world, each presided over by responsible representatives. There is not a parish in the country where a representative does not carry on the work. The Corps possesses Selection Boards in England, Ireland and Wales. It is interesting to note in connection with the Irish Board that it was the first representative body which has ever sat in London comprehending the Leaders of Nationalist and Unionist opinion. It also enjoys the benediction of Mr. John Redmond

THE LONDON SELECTION BOARD AT STONE BUILDINGS

Left to right, front row (seated): Major C. W. Mead, T.D., Major-General H. W. Duperier, R.E., Major J. A. Hay, T.D. (O.C. Depot), Major-General F. W. P. Angelo, Capt. H. K. Ryan (Acting Adjutant Depot). Second row: H. Marsh, C.I.E., ———, Sir Duncan Baillie, K.C.S.I., Capt. G. Pemberton Leach, A. C. Kent, R. Montagu Scott, Second-Lieut. Nixon. Third row: A. H. Poyser, A. E. Holt, F. L. Petre, G. O. Jackson, B. Whitehead, C. Godfrey, Sir A. L. Goodson. Back pair: Sir W. O. Clark and H. C. Hawkins

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (*concluded from page 482*)

He was satisfied at last, this bullet-headed Prussian, and grudgingly conceded the magic *autorisation de séjour* to the perspiring Tétaud, who grabbed at it with such eagerness that the fat man got his sword half out of the scabbard before he realised the pacific nature of the other's intentions.

Now experience has shown that one of the guiding principles of life should be an unfailing endeavour to avoid confining the welding of friendship to anyone sphere of society, and the wise man will rather number among his friends individuals from every walk of life than narrow his research, for no man knoweth when the true friendship of a plumber or a blacksmith will not serve him as well as that of a belted earl (the aristocracy never wear braces) or the bloated plutocrat with a superfluity of flesh.

Guided by this happy maxim the gallant Tétaud lost no time in renewing his acquaintance with a wholesale potato merchant he had known in earlier days, and with the help of some Belgian friends to whom he brought letters of introduction, he arranged with the man to replace him on the occasion of his approaching business visit to X, a little town seven miles from the Dutch frontier.

And so in the fulness of time it came about that Tétaud, labouring beneath the romantic name of Janhoogsteenrcete, set out on a devoted mission dedicated to the acquisition of a wholesale supply of mealy potatoes for the German troops. Arrived at X, our friend Janhoog fell in with several Belgian soldiers who shared his ambition to reached the hospitable shelter of Dutch territory. Choosing a moonless night, they successfully passed the German lines.

And then, after all this triumphant success, the silly ass who guided them led them by mistake to the German sentry on the frontier instead of to the Dutchman, a mile and a half away . . . and had it not been for the immediate and violent impingement of the toe of a long yellow boot upon the centre portion of a sentry's waistcoat this perfectly true story would never have been written.

. . . . . .

Inscrutable are the decrees of Providence. The fact that Corporal Dubois is the possessor of a beautiful round, almost copperplate handwriting did not escape the notice of the Military Authorities when he submitted his report.

And his job in life is now to sit all day on a stool in an office with his head on one side and copy out long-winded orders in simulated lithographic characters with all the devoted application of a solicitor's clerk in the Law Courts. "JACK JOHNSON"

Sincere Apologies!

To any of our readers who, through misfortune or fault, have been unable to get copies of

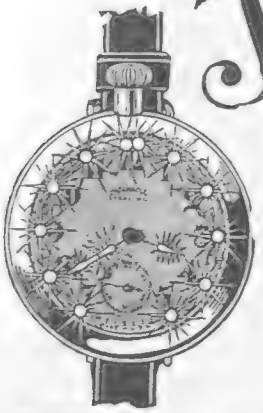
The Christmas Bystander

which was entirely sold out within a few days of Publication.

Moral: BETTER LUCK NEXT YEAR!

John Pound & Co.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS



"INGERSOLL" SERVICE WATCH
Splendid Timekeeper.
Nickel or Gun-Metal.
No. K 192—With Plain Dial 13/6
No. K 193—Radio Points .. 16/-
No. K 194—Radio Figures .. 18/6
Solid Silver.
No. K 195—Radio Points .. 23/6
No. K 196—Radio Figures .. 26/-
Postage, 4d.
Expeditionary Force, 8d.

MANICURE CASE.
No. K 125—Best Straight Grained Leather, Real Ebony and Sheffield made fittings.
SPECIAL 10/6 VALUE.

No. K 140—Khaki Campaign Roll, fitted with aluminium fittings, unbreakable mirror, razor, strop, etc.
Most compact, 33/6

268-270, OXFORD ST., W.
187, REGENT ST., W. 67, PICCADILLY, W.
243, BROMPTON RD., S.W.
177-8, TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.
81-84, LEADENHALL ST., E.C.

No. K 145—The "Service" Electric Lamp. For Flashing or Continuous Lighting. Complete with brown Leather case, 21/-
Spare bulbs or batteries, 1/6 each.
Postage, Expeditionary Force, 1/-

No. K 55—Hard Grain Morocco, lined Silk, captive purse, gilt fittings, strong handles, 24/6

JEWELLERS TO H.M. THE KING SILVERSMITHS

THE
Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE LTD (A.B. SAVORY & SONS)

(Established 1751)

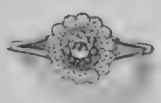
Christmas Presents.

THERE are gifts to suit every taste in the comprehensive selection of Christmas Presents on view at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. These gifts, being of finest quality and moderate in price, offer the best value obtainable.

A fully Illustrated Catalogue containing suggestions for Christmas Presents will be sent on application.

Fine quality Diamond Initial Bracelet or Neckslide,
£4 5 0
Other initials from £3 10 0

Fine quality Pearl and Diamond Necklace,
£85 0 0



Fine quality Diamonds and Sapphire Ring,
£6 10 0

Fine quality Diamond and Sapphire Necklace,
£17 10 0

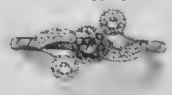
Fine quality Diamond Ring,
£15 0 0

Fine quality Pearl and Diamond Necklace, Platinum set,
£28 10 0

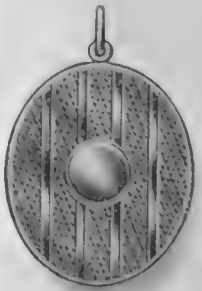
Fine quality Diamond Crossover Ring, with Diamond Shoulders,
£30 0 0

Fine quality Baroque Pearl and Diamond Ear-rings,
£5 5 0
per pair.

Fine quality Amethyst and Pearl Ear-rings,
£2 12 6
per pair.



Fine quality Diamonds and Sapphire Ring,
£6 17 6



Fine Gold Engine-turned Locket,
£2 5 0

Fine quality Keyless Lever Watch, set with Diamonds and Black Onyx on Platinum. Mounted on Silk Strap with Diamond Buckle, £105 0 0
Other Bracelet Watches from £5 0 0

Fine Gold, Pearl and Enamel Miniature,
£1 15 0

Only Address:

112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Christmas Gift Books

THE war seems to have laid a much heavier hand of restraint on the production of Gift Books this year than it did last. Most of the more sumptuous volumes costing a guinea or 25*s.* which usually make their appearance at this season are *non est* this Christmastide. The fear of economy on the part of purchasers seems to have prevented most publishers from producing anything expensive, and gift books of 5*s.* or thereabouts have taken their place. No doubt they are wise, for certainly one looks twice at a guinea nowadays before exchanging it for such luxuries as books. However, there is still a goodly selection of the less expensive volumes from which to choose gifts for our youthful friends.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton

Are, as usual, well to the fore with presentation books of this description, among their best being *Rabbi-Ben Ezra and Other Poems*, by Robert Browning, beautifully illustrated in colour by Bernard Partridge, and priced at 5*s.* net. *The Dreamer of Dreams*, by the Queen of Roumania, is even better, and the colour illustrations by Edmund Dulac make their usual appeal to the artistic. Another of their volumes illustrated in colour is *The Book of Old English Songs and Ballads* (6*s.* net), the artist being Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale. This house have also produced two excellent little gift books in aid of charities, *The Land of My Fathers* (2*s.* 6*d.* net), all profits on the sale of which go to the National Fund for Welsh Troops, and *Edmund Dulac's Picture Book*, 3*s.*, the profits of which are destined for the French Red Cross Society in London. This latter book is published on behalf of the *Daily Telegraph*.

ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS TO "EDMUND DULAC'S PICTURE BOOK"

Messrs. A. and C. Black

Have produced an interesting and rather novel type of book, illustrated in colour by Constance Baikie, entitled *Wonder Tales of the Ancient World*, by James Baikie. It contains practically all the tales that have survived of their kind in ancient Egyptian literature. The story of Osiris is a retelling from the Plutarch, of

(*Continued on page 490*)

CAMPAIGN COMFORTS.

Leather Clothing is undoubtedly the best for Winter Service Wear. Warm, Windproof, Hygienic, it forms a splendid protection against exposure in the trenches or in the field. The models shown here are designed from the advice and practical experience of Officers who spent last winter in Flanders.

UNDER JACKETS

0. Natural Chamois Leather with sleeves. Two pockets inside, two pockets outside. Made from stout, soft leathers..... 21/-
1. Tan Leather with sleeves. Warm flannel lining and two pockets. Made from selected glove leathers 29/6
2. Tan Leather with sleeves. Lined warm flannel. Specially stout soft leathers. Can be worn buttoned up at neck or open to show collar and tie 37/6
3. Brown Dustless Suede with sleeves. Lined warm flannel. Made from specially soft leathers 37/6
4. Natural Sheepskin with sleeves and two pockets. Skin outside and the natural fleece inside. A thoroughly practical garment, 45/-

9. Sheepskin Trench Gauntlet Glove, with the natural fleece inside. Very Warm. Handsewn 4/6

WAISTCOATS

5. Tan Leather. Warm flannel lining. Two pockets. Well made from selected leathers. 21/-
6. Tan Leather, lined warm flannel. Two pockets. Can be worn buttoned up at neck or open to show collar and tie ... 25/-
7. Brown Dustless Suede. Lined warm flannel. Two pockets 25/-
8. Natural Sheepskin Waistcoat with skin outside and natural fleece inside. Exceptionally comfortable and warm to wear 25/-

For Post Orders give Chest Size. Goods Post Free in U.K. To France, 1/- extra.

Horne BROTHERS

NEWMAN HOUSE, 90 and 92, Oxford St., W.
388, Strand, W.C.
28-9, Coventry St., W.
421-2, Strand, W.C.
130-2, New Oxford St., W.C.,
and throughout London.

Purity and Refinement Idealized

Snake Charmer

Cigarettes

for

Connoisseurs

HIGH CLASS

AROMATIC TURKISH

Per Packet of Ten

BOUQUET 7½d. SIZE

QUEEN 10½d. SIZE

May be obtained at all the branches of Salmon & Gluckstein, Limited, or post free direct from their Warehouse, 2-14, Clarence Street, St Luke's, London E.C.

Frederick Gorringe

LIMITED,
BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

Winter Comforts ... for our Troops ...

THESE goods (which are merely examples of value in the Hosiery Department) are of specially good and warm quality for the low prices.

KNITTED WOOL GLOVES
In Khaki or Heather Mixtures, per pair
1/6

ALL-WOOL CARDIGANS
Service shape and colour.
6/11

SHETLAND CARDIGANS
8/11

ALL-WOOL SCARVES
Regulation size (60 ins. long, 10 ins. wide),
2/6

"Ideas for Christmas Presents" (also the Winter Fashions Catalogue) will be sent post free on request.

The Regent St. House of PETER ROBINSON LTD

Stockings
make excellent Xmas Gifts

Why not give a dainty box of Stockings? Nothing could be more useful—and it's the practical Gift that will be appreciated this Christmastide. Here are two suggestions:—

Ladies' Pure Silk Hose, hand-embroidered clocks, assorted black and colours. 6 pairs in dainty cretonne box for **29/6**

Also our "Regent" quality Silk Hose, assorted. 6 pairs in dainty cretonne box for **34/6**

Ladies' Cashmere Hose with Silk clocks, in black and colours. 3 pairs in dainty cretonne box for . . . **9/6**

The Regent St. House of Peter Robinson

The Perfect Bag for Knitting, Books, Little Parcels, etc.

THE "CADOGAN" BAG.

Very strongly made of Polished Leather, lined with Watered Silk. Four colours, Green, Blue, Purple and Black. Prices from 10/6 to 21/6.
List on application.

BEST 188, Sloane Street, S.W.
Aldford St., Park Lane, W.

The "Wellington" Despatch Case

INVENTED BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON **1815**

APPROVED BY H.I.H. THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS **1915**

This excellent Despatch Case, invented 100 years ago by the "Iron Duke," is now approved and used by H.I.H. the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia.

This is sufficient proof that it is just the right kind of Case for an officer on active service.

Prices from 37/6 to 76/-.
Full particulars on application.

"IT" THE NUT SHELL CANTEEN is the very best inexpensive gift for the soldier on active service. Price **3/6** and **5/6** each.
Send a post card and we will tell you all about "IT."

188, Sloane St. London, S.W. **BEST** 64a, Sth. Audley St. W (entrance Aldford St.)

CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS (concluded from page 488)

course, but all the others are directly of native Egyptian origin. It is an interesting volume, and is cheap at 6s. net.

Messrs. Ward, Lock

Have given us two Wonder Books at 3s. and 5s. each, profusely illustrated in black-and-white, and another volume, *Fairy Tales*, containing forty-eight colour illustrations at 3s. 6d.

Messrs Heinemann

Are responsible for an exceedingly good fairy tale book—*Grandmother's Fairy Tales*, 6s. The tales are from the French of Charles Robert Dumas, by Pia Hewlett, and is extremely well illustrated in black-and-white and in colour by Maurice Lalau. The volume strikes a distinctly new note in this type of book.

Messrs. Methuen

Are the publishers of a charming 12s. 6d. gift book in the shape of Wilde's *A House of Pomegranates*, with sixteen beautiful illustrations in colour by Jessie M. King. The illustrations are not only beautiful, but clever, and should obtain for the book a large sale and much popularity.

THE COVER TO M. PIERRE MILLE'S VOLUME OF PEN SKETCHES ON THE FRENCH SOLDIER

John Lane

Joffre Chaps, and Some Others (John Lane: 1s. net). By Pierre Mille. Translated by B. Drillien. Illustrated wrapper by Helen McKie. We have already had floods of good stories of the British soldier in the present war, but, curiously enough, we have had, so far, little or nothing written from within of our French Allies. This little volume of sketches, written by an author already well-known for his French soldier stories, is, therefore, very welcome. No one could be better qualified than M. Pierre Mille to give us these intimate pictures. In sketch after sketch with a few deft touches he shows us the French soldier in the trenches and in battle.

Christmas Cards

Unlike Gift Books, Christmas Cards are quite as numerous this year as in pre-war times, and Messrs. Raphael, Tuck and Sons have produced, in their usual excellent way, numerous greeting cards specially suitable to the second Christmas of the War. Messrs. Gale and Polden, too, have this year a wide selection of greeting cards, and have again been honoured with the production of Her Majesty Queen Mary's Christmas card.

Diaries

War-time economies affect the production and use of diaries little or not at all. Messrs. Letts have therefore published their usual wide selection. As a matter of fact, a diary or pocket-book becomes rather more necessary in war-time than during that very far-away period known as peace-time.

A.S.A.

Shoolbred's
"Service" Wrist Watches

50/- 55/- and 65/-

'Service' Wrist Watch in strong Silver, Screw Bezel, Dustproof Case, Radium Hands and Figures.

Good 'Service' Wrist Watch, Radium Dial, full Hunter Spring Front Case, Lever Movement. Thoroughly reliable.

Nickel Case 33/-
Bronze ,, 35/-
Silver ,, 45/-

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

REGIMENTAL SILK KNITTED SCARVES

In rich fine quality pure silk, very wide, soft, and comfortable, suitable for ladies or gentlemen, in the following Regimental and Club colours:—

18th Hussars.
Army Service Corps.
London Rifle Brigade.
Queen's Bays.
The Rifle Brigade.
The Guards.
60th Rifles.
9th Lancers.
13th Hussars.
17th Lancers.
Worcestershire Regiment.
East Surrey Regiment.
Suffolk Regiment.
1st Yorks Regiment.
2nd Yorks Regiment.
3rd Welsh
London Scottish.
Medical Staff.
42nd Highlanders.
Gordon Highlanders.
Artists' Corps.
Irish Fusiliers.
Inniskilling.
Royal Dragoons.
Gurkhas
The Buffs (E. Kents)
Seaforth Highlanders.
Cheshires.
Sherwood Foresters.
16th Lancers.
Prince's Club.
Bath Club.
Incogniti.
I Zingari, etc., etc.

25/6

Note—The above are either in stock or in work at the Factory.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY,
Wigmore Street and Welbeck Street, London, W.

Standard Pattern, Size 3c. Rolled Gold Plain Bands. 21/-

Afterwards . . .

WHEN he is eager to tell you how he is faring, see that he has a "SWAN" to write with. It is the soldier's trusty pen.

The Postmaster-General has prohibited posting glass bottles to the Front, and so the ink for replenishing fountain pens must be in tablet form.

Send the "SWAN" and a nickel tube of "SWAN" ink tablets (6d. and 1/-). One tablet to a penful of water. No filler needed. Thus you will give him the pen he wants and the ink he needs.

Show any dealer a specimen of handwriting and he can choose a suitable "SWAN" pen.

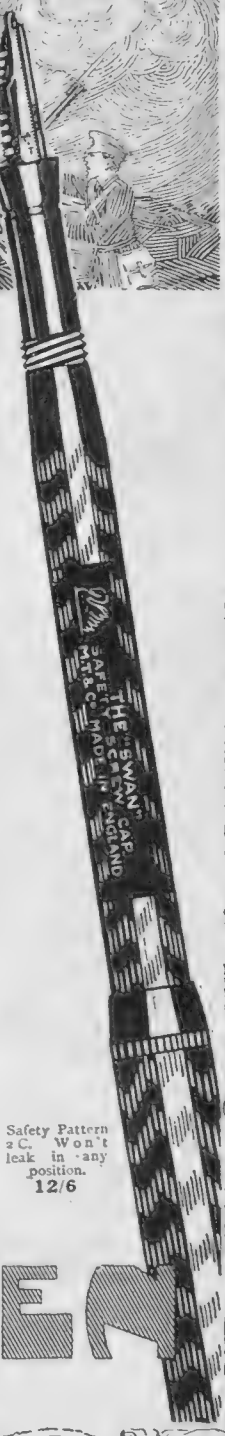
Standard "SWANS" from 10/6. Safety "SWANS" from 12/6

. . . Sold by all High Class Stationers . . .

MABIE, TODD & Co., Ltd

79-80, High Holborn, London, W.C

38, Cheapside, E.C.; 204 and 95a, Regent St., W.; 3, Exchange St., Manchester; 10, Rue Neuve, Brussels; Brentano's, 37, Ave. de l'Opera, Paris; and at New York and Chicago.



Safety Pattern 2C. Won't leak in any position. 12/6

THE 'SWAN' PEN

For the Nurse.

Now so many ladies are engaged in nursing our wounded soldiers they find it a matter of considerable difficulty to keep their hands nice.

BEETHAM'S

la-rola

applied to the hands every time they are washed will remove all Roughness and keep the Skin beautifully Soft and Smooth. It is very economical to use, neither sticky nor greasy, and is easily absorbed by the Skin.

In bottles, 1/1½, from all Chemists and Stores.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England.

Wilson & Gill

139 & 141 Regent Street
LONDON.W.

BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED
REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES

18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, Platinised Silver Serpent, £3 17 6
With Diamond Serpent, £6 10 0

Fine Gold, Platinum and Diamond Brooch. £4 10 0

18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, set Diamonds, £5 10 0
Others from £7 0 0 to £25 0 0

ANY REGIMENTAL OR NAVAL BADGE can be Reproduced in Gold or Enamel, with or without Precious Stones, from £3.10.0 to £50. Sketches and Estimates on Application.

The Care of the Sick.

ILLNESS demands much care in the feeding of the patient. Again in Convalescence, or when the Digestion becomes impaired through Worry, Overstrain, or as the result of any other cause, the question of suitable food is of the utmost importance, if health is to be regained. Aged persons also need to pay special attention to their dietary, particularly to the last meal at night; this should be such as to ensure quiet and refreshing sleep and digestive rest. The food selected for use in all these cases must be palatable, easy of digestion, wholly nourishing and speedily restorative.

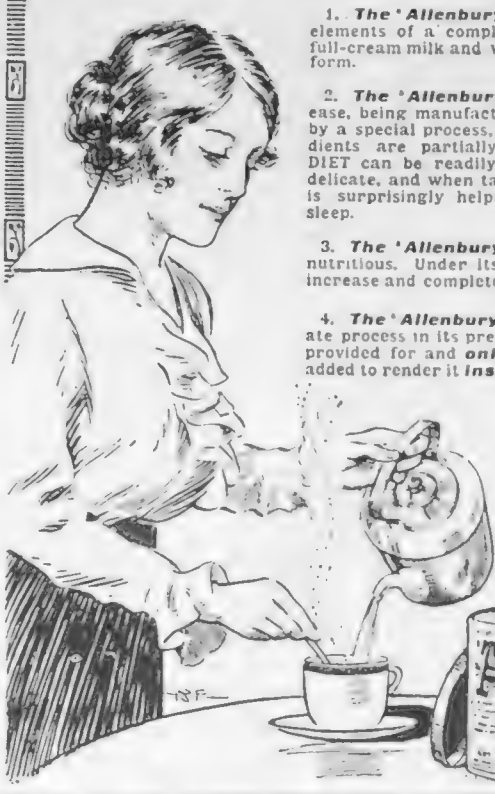
For Invalids, Dyspeptics and the Aged.

The 'Allenburys' DIET

Made Immediately by adding boiling water only.

Quite Distinct from the 'Allenburys' Foods for Infants.

The 'Allenburys' Diet embodies all the essential requirements of a complete nourishment in the highest degree. It supersedes cow's milk and the usual invalid's foods and enjoys the recommendation of the medical profession because it possesses the following advantages:—



1. ***The 'Allenburys' Diet*** presents the vital elements of a complete food, viz:—pure, rich, full-cream milk and whole wheat in a palatable form.

2. ***The 'Allenburys' Diet*** is digested with ease, being manufactured with scrupulous care by a special process, during which the ingredients are partially predigested. Thus the DIET can be readily assimilated by the most delicate, and when taken last thing at night it is surprisingly helpful in promoting restful sleep.

3. ***The 'Allenburys' Diet*** is exceptionally nutritious. Under its use, weight and strength increase and complete nutrition is secured.

4. ***The 'Allenburys' Diet*** entails no elaborate process in its preparation; this has all been provided for and ***only boiling water*** need be added to render it ***instantly ready for use.***

A Large Sample sent Free on Request.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.
37, Lombard St., London
Established 1715.

In tins at 1/6, 3/- and 6/- each of all Chemists.

Copyright. D66

Chamois Leather Socks

Ensure perfect circulation and absolute warmth. They entirely do away with Frost-Bite, and have proved the greatest comfort and protection to Officers at the Front.

Price 8/6

Post free { U.K. 8/9 / Abroad 8/11

TURNBULL & ASSER,
Military and Sporting Outfitters,
71-72, JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W.

Christmas Shopping Notes—III.

GIFTS TO SUIT ALL PURSES AND TASTES

BY MRS. JACK MAY

THE cry is "Still they come." This week we present to our readers the third chapter of the story of our Christmas tour of inspection round the shops with the reminder that time presses and that the advantages claimed for the early bird are likewise enjoyed by the early shopper. Procrastination in the purchase of Christmas gifts often leads only to disappointment.

WAR MEMORIAL MEDAL

Supplied in silver patine, bronze or gold, and in two sizes, by Harrod's, Brompton Road

In Memoriam

With sadness and sorrow in the hearts of so many who have lost those near and dear to them in the war every appropriate thought that comes along just now finds a ready acceptance. It has, however, been reserved for Harrods to fall into line with quite one of the most pleasing and original inspirations in the guise of a memorial medal, on which name, date, etc., can be engraved. Something of the character of this medal can be gathered from the adjoined illustration, which in silver patine comes out in the smallest size at 3*s.* 6*d.*, medium—as illustrated—12*s.* 6*d.*, and the large size 11*s.* 6*d.* Or, if preferred, Harrods supply them in bronze or gold. This would be a gift for all time, something that could be handed down to posterity with pride as a memento of one who has achieved undying fame.

At Messrs. J. W. Benson's

In the showrooms of Messrs. J. W. Benson, Ltd., of 62 and 64, Ludgate Hill; 25, Old Bond Street; and 28, Royal Exchange, the "Service" note, as elsewhere, predominates. Some eminently workmanlike and yet attractive-looking wristlet watches with luminous figures and hands, damp and dust-proof, are most moderately priced from £2 10*s.* up to £8 15*s.*, and the firm likewise make a speciality of their model regimental badges, which can be supplied either in brooch or pendant form at prices ranging from £2 5*s.* for a plain bar brooch in gold and enamel up to £10. The firm's jewellery display, as a whole, is in fact most tempting, while for those whose Christmastide expenditure must necessarily be limited there is a most admirable selection of inexpensive silver articles suitable for presents. Those who do their shopping by post have only to mention the kind of thing they require, and an illustrated booklet will be sent them dealing exhaustively therewith. Note, also, that the economical "Times" system of monthly payments is available for purchasers from this firm—a most convenient and economical method of buying Christmas gifts.

"Sessel" Jewellery

Accompanying a very tastefully got-up catalogue of some of the jewellery purveyed by Messrs. Sessel Bourne, Ltd., of 14 and 14a, New Bond Street, is an invitation to all and sundry to pay a visit, if only out of curiosity, to their showroom. They emphasise the fact that there is no obligation to purchase; visitors are received with the greatest courtesy, and can admire at their leisure copies of the most beautiful and rare gems that the world has produced. In addition the firm claim that it is impossible even for experts to distinguish "Sessel" pearls from natural pearls costing hundreds of pounds, and that the same holds good with regard to all "Sessel" gems. In colour and in lustre there is no difference, and in composition they are practically identical. The only difference is in method of production and price, and the Sessel stones can be obtained at one-fiftieth part of the price of the cost of Nature's own gems—something worth thinking about in these hard times. A personal visit to 14a, New Bond Street, though desirable, is not actually necessary, for all communications by post are expeditiously dealt with, and clients residing in the country may rely on being attended to as promptly as those residing in Town.

Rowe's Progress

Fortunate, indeed, is the small boy or girl dressed by Rowe, whose sailor garments—the basis of operations—are known throughout the British Isles and beyond as representing perfection from every point of view. Since the advent of the war these capital little suits have gained in interest because our silent fleet holds such a secure place in all our hearts. Hitherto, these delightful garments have only been obtainable direct from the Rowe Shop, 106, New Bond Street, or the parent house at Gosport. But the firm have decided to change all that, and, to meet the convenience of an enormous number of residents in various parts of the country, to open agencies in Newcastle, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Edinburgh, and Sheffield, and elsewhere. The best way for those who are personally interested in this piece of information is to send to the Rowe depôt, 106, New Bond Street, for the name of the agent nearest their district, as a personal selection is often more satisfying to the purchaser than inquiries. On the other hand, provided the Rowe special order forms issued from 106, New Bond Street, are properly filled in, a correct fit and the fullest satisfaction are guaranteed in every case.

THE TRUE NAVAL CUT

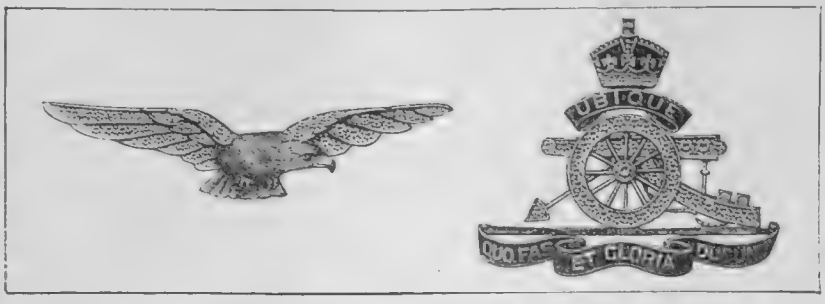
As exemplified in the children's sailor suits which have made famous the name of Rowe, of Gosport, and 106, New Bond Street

(*Continued on page 304*)

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES (continued from page 493)

Récherché Regimental Badges

The influence of the war on the character of this season's gifts is exemplified in the enchanting array of regimental badges to be found at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street. As a



REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES

—the form of gift which has "caught on" more than any other—at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, Regent Street

bijouterie offering these pretty, really appropriate pieces take an easy first place, and in appreciation are fulfilling even more than was expected of them. A notable feature of the display is the range of choice and prices. None need fear to investigate these charming souvenirs, which run from a quite moderate price up to one which will secure the most costly device conceivable. For example, the "Albatross" pictured, the insignia of the Royal Naval Air Service is carried out entirely in fine gold with ruby eye, when the cost is comparatively slight, or with the upper line of the wing brought out in high relief by a line of small diamonds. Again, it is to be seen exclusively executed in diamonds, which, of course, is quite lovely, and in no way ostentatious, as these badge brooches are quite small. The finest enamel work plays its part in many of these schemes, and is notably effective in the case of the Royal Flying Corps. The second sketch commandeered here shows the badge of the Royal Artillery, effected in gold and enamel, with the wheel of the gun-carriage picked out with diamonds.

THE "CADOGAN" BAG

One of the most satisfactory knitting bags ever devised. It is a speciality of Best's, of 188, Sloane Street, and 64a, South Audley Street

Happy Thoughts by the Hundred

The exigencies of their "job" make it impossible for men on active service to be given things which might be desirable were they not serving their country. For instance, the authorities bar such things as umbrellas. But what about a box of really good cigarettes? They must be good, because cigarettes of inferior quality will not afford pleasure, but rather the reverse. With this thought in mind one would do well to make a note now to buy some "De Reszke" Cigarettes for men friends—"De Reszkes" because they are acknowledged by all to be the world's best brand, and you cannot give anything better than the best. A hundred "De Reszkes" mean a hundred pleasant happy thoughts of you, a hundred reminders of happy times spent together.

The "Best" Knitting Bag

I shall never weary of showering praise on the "Best" knitting-bag—truly the best ever brought out. It has stood the test of time, and is proving as popular a gift this year as it did last. Indeed, more so, since this admirable receptacle is meeting in every direction the demand for the large, roomy, and yet presentable something for women, whether paid or unpaid, who are in hospitals, canteens, and the like, and who have need to carry about various and awkward articles. The "Cadogan" Bag, for that is the correct title, is most accommodating, thanks to its expanding sides, which enables it to be stuffed to repletion, and yet retain a neat appearance. Mr. Best, of 188, Sloane Street, and 64a, South Audley Street, makes this bag in several styles, though far and away the most popular is that illustrated on this page. It is built of strong polished leather, green, blue, purple, or black, lined *moiré* silk, and in addition to the gussetted sides is fitted with a small inner pocket. It is important, moreover, to point out that there are three sizes, the smallest costing 16*s*., the largest 19*s*., or when a monogram is added, which enhances the appearance immeasurably and renders it a very handsome gift, 24*s*. 6*d*. and 27*s*. 6*d*. respectively In the short space at command it is impossible to enter into any detailed description of the other styles in bags. But a catalogue can be had on application, a brochure full of good things.

Something of Everything

Although Messrs. Fredk. Gorringe, Ltd., have been hampered in their business to some extent by the depletion of their staff caused by the call to arms, there is not the faintest trace of any depletion in the almost bewildering choice of eminently presentable presents at this well-known shopping centre in Buckingham Palace Road or in the neatly arranged booklet of "Ideas," which the firm issues gratis to its customers, actual and potential. With the aid of this collection of ideas for Christmas presents you stand quite a good chance of being able to decide upon all your Christmas purchases "at one fell swoop," for at Gorringe's you can buy pretty well everything—toys, trinkets, toilet kit, wearing apparel (for both sexes), and war-time comforts and contrivances of all sorts.

Jig-Saw Ingenuity

Messrs. Holtzapffel and Co., of 53, Haymarket, S.W., are allowing a special discount to purchasers from them of puzzles intended for the amusement of wounded soldiers and sailors in hospitals and nursing homes. Some of their jig-saw puzzles are most ingenious, and a list of them (which will be sent post free) is well worth applying for. One of the best of them, "The Blue bird," is illustrated on this page, and is beautifully coloured. It costs 2*s*., or, in a more ornate form, 5*s*.

THE "BLUE BIRD" JIG-SAW PUZZLE

Holtzapffel and Co., 53, Haymarket, S.W.

No More German Wines

People hesitate nowadays about drinking Hock and Moselle because, however palatable they may have been before the war, they now leave a nasty taste in the mouth—in a metaphorical sense—owing to their being of German origin. That being so, it is well to remember that the sun-kissed vineyards of California produce wine which is really superior to, and much cheaper than, the German product. If, therefore, you want to enjoy your glass of Hock or Moselle free from the nasty taste above referred to, order a consignment of "Big Tree" California Hock or Moselle from Messrs. Grierson Oldham and Co., Ltd., of 9, Regent Street, S.W. It will leave your conscience and your palate equally clear.

(*Continued on page x*)

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 628.—Vol. XLVIII. Wednesday, December 15, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

HAMPTON & SONS

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

PRICE VERY LOW.

HIGH GROUND. PERFECTLY RURAL.

Close to Puckeridge Kennels.

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FOR SALE (or might be LET), this attractive FREEHOLD HOUSE, with grounds of about 6 acres: very fine lounge hall with open beam roof, billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. HEATED BY RADIATORS.
WATER FROM ARTESIAN WELL.

Stabling for 4, garage. Well-laid-out gardens and grounds.
Land tax redeemed.
Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

GOLF, TENNIS, AND CROQUET.

SURREY. WINDLESHAM

(Close to the famous Sunningdale Golf Links, and within five minutes' walk of well-known Tennis and Croquet Clubs).

TO BE SOLD OR LET, UNFURNISHED, a most attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in 6 acres of grounds, etc., in an open and healthy situation, commanding good views. Sitting room hall, 4 reception, bath, and 10 bed and dressing rooms. Good stabling, coach or motor house. Well-shaded grounds, gardens and paddock, in all about 6 acres.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

RENT £185 PER ANNUM. PRICE £3,500.

Apply HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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8 ACRES. 450FT. ABOVE SEA.

HAMPSHIRE (LISS).

UNFURNISHED, on Lease, a very charming RESIDENCE, enjoying high and bracing situation. Lounge hall, dining, morning, drawing, and billiard rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Stabling and lodge. Very pretty grounds and woodlands of 8 acres. Electric light. Radiators.

SANDY SOIL.

Inspected and recommended.
Full details of Hampton and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

WALTON HEATH GOLF COURSE (close to).

TO LET, Furnished, cottage-style RESIDENCE, containing: sitting hall, 2 reception, 7 bedrooms, bath, servants' hall, etc. Grounds of about 2 acres. Garage for 2 cars.—Terms on application to HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

AN ABSOLUTE GIFT.

EXECUTORS MUST CLOSE ESTATE.

"DANEMORE," SOUTH GODSTONE, SURREY.

29 miles from Town, 1 mile from station.

50 YEARS' LEASE

OF THIS CAPITAL HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

RENT £87 6s. PER ANNUM.

NO PREMIUM.

3 reception, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall; stabling, garage, man's room.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS.

2 capital paddocks can be had if required.

Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

NEAR IPSWICH AND WOODBRIDGE.

SUFFOLK.

Near first-class golf, and excellent shooting country. Also yachting facilities.

TO BE SOLD, a really UNIQUE COUNTRY HOME, comprising this charmingly planned modern Residence. 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 partly panelled reception rooms, good hall, etc.

EVERY CONVENIENCE. RADIATORS.

Motor-house and good cottage. Grounds and park-like grass-land of about 20 acres, with some fine old oak trees.—Full details of HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W., and 100, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Also New York, Winnipeg, Sydney, Victoria (B.C.) and Buenos Ayres.

NEAR LEITH HILL.
BETWEEN DORKING AND HORSHAM.

GENUINE OLD JACOBEAN RESIDENCE.

TO BE SOLD, this genuine old RESIDENCE (greater part 300 years old), situated 350ft. above sea level, amidst beautiful scenery, overlooking a green: oak-panelled hall, oak-panelled dining room, drawing room, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; electric light, motor-house; stabling for 3, carriage drive, cottage; nicely laid-out grounds, including tennis lawn, pond, well stocked kitchen garden and pasture-land, in all about 31 acres.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., London, W. (7,647)

NEAR ASHDOWN FOREST

WITHIN A MILE OF GOLF LINKS.

TO BE SOLD.—A Freehold RESIDENCE, situated 800ft. above sea level and commanding extensive and beautiful panoramic views. The soil is sandy and the principal aspects are South and West. Accommodation: hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual domestic offices; stabling for 4 horses; main drainage, gas and water; the gardens are of great beauty, and include lovely pinewood walks, fine lawns, rockery, flower garden, rose garden, and shrubberies, in all about 5 acres.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (5,455)

CHILTERN HILLS. 350FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
CLOSE TO HUNTERCOMBE GOLF LINKS.

TO BE SOLD, an old-world RESIDENCE, on gravel soil, surrounded by orchard and meadow-land: entrance hall, dining and drawing rooms, with beamed ceilings, 8 bedrooms and bathroom; Company's water; stabling for 2, coach-house; pretty garden with lawn and rustic rosery, pergolas, orchard and fruit gardens, etc. The House would be SOLD with 3, 7, or 20 ACRES.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,006)

£800.—**BANSTEAD** (500ft.).—Semi-detached HOUSE; 6 bedrooms; ½ acre. (100)

£1,200.—**HANTS, FLEET** (250ft.; amidst pine and heather; sand soil).—5 bedrooms, bathroom; 5 acres. (8,110)

£1,375.—**NEAR WINCHESTER** (gravel soil).—Old-fashioned creeper-clad RESIDENCE: 2 reception, billiard, 5 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom; 3 acres. (8,188)

£1,500.—**SUSSEX** (520ft.; delightful views).—Pretty RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bath; electric light; garage; 2¾ acres. (7,654)

£1,600.—**LEATHERHEAD** (opposite golf links).—Modern HOUSE: 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 attics, bathroom; 1 acre. (7,274)

£2,000.—**SURREY, NEAR GUILDFORD.** Sixteenth-century RESIDENCE, with old oak beams: 6 bedrooms, bathroom; 2 acres. (7,010)

£2,000.—**SOMERSET** (650ft.; excellent views).—Stone-built HOUSE: 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 cottages; 4½ acres. (8,224)

£2,150.—**ESSEX, NEAR COLCHESTER.**—JACOBEAN RESIDENCE, with old oak beams: 3 reception, billiard room, 5 bedrooms, bathroom; 27 acres. (8,140)

£2,500.—**SURREY, NEAR REIGATE** (600ft.).—7 bed and dressing rooms; stabling; 6½ acres; near golf. (3,167)

£2,700.—**CRAWLEY DOWN.**—Picturesque HOUSE: 9 bedrooms; stabling; 3 acres. (7,655)

£3,000.—**BEDS AND BUCKS BORDERS** (300ft.; gravel soil).—Old MANOR HOUSE: billiard room, 11 bedrooms; stabling for 7; 4 acres; golf; hunting. (5,434)

£3,000.—**WILTS.**—Old HOUSE: 12 bedrooms; stabling and garage; 12 acres. (8,416)

£3,500.—**MERSTHAM** (500ft.; beautiful views).—8 bedrooms; garage; 2 acres. Rent, £175 per annum. (F 2,959)

£3,500.—**SOMERSET.**—COTTAGE RESIDENCE; 300ft.; sandy soil; billiard room, 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms; 6 acres. (8,130)

£3,675.—**DORKING.**—Modern RESIDENCE; high; good views; 10 bed and dressing rooms; electric light; lodge and cottage; 2 acres of well-wooded grounds. (6,919)

£4,200.—**CHILTERN HILLS** (amidst beautiful scenery).—7 bedrooms; electric light; cottage; 4 acres. (8,395)

£4,300.—**ESSEX.**—ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE; fine old oak panelling and beams: billiard room, 9 bed and dressing rooms; 2 cottages; 22 acres. (6,100)

£4,750.—**CHILTERN HILLS** (600ft.).—Half-timbered RESIDENCE: 5 bedrooms, 2 attics; lodge; 34 acres. (8,390)

£5,000.—**ESSEX.**—Old-fashioned MANOR HOUSE; 300ft.; gravel subsoil; avenue drive: 9 bedrooms, 3 attics; stabling and farmery; 25 acres of gardens and park-land; manorial rights. (6,093)

£5,000.—**HERTS** (30 minutes; 460ft.; gravel). Old-fashioned RESIDENCE: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; gas; cottage; 14 acres. Rent, £200 per annum. (8,263)

£6,000.—**LEICESTERSHIRE** (550ft.; fine views).—12 bedrooms; stabling for 21 horses; farmery; 2 cottages; 33 acres; first-rate hunting. (7,335)

PRICE FREEHOLD, £1,000.

SUFFOLK.

TO BE SOLD.—A picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: hall, 4 reception rooms, 8 best bedrooms and dressing room, bathroom, and complete offices; stabling for 7, garage; attractive gardens of about 3½ acres.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., London, W. (7,736)

SUSSEX AND HANTS BORDERS.
450FT. UP. BEAUTIFUL VIEWS.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, a well-built RESIDENCE, standing on sandy soil and approached by a drive with lodge entrance. Accommodation: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light, Company's water; stabling for 3; well-laid-out gardens, including tennis lawn, terraces, kitchen garden and woodlands, in all about 8 acres. Rent, Unfurnished, £200 per annum.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,417)

1½ MILES FROM EAST GRINSTEAD.
1 HOUR FROM TOWN.
TO BE SOLD.

MODERN HOUSE IN OLD-FASHIONED STYLE, approached by a carriage drive. — Oak-panelled lounge hall, drawing room or billiard room (30ft. by 18ft. by 17ft.), with minstrel gallery, dining room, study, 6 or 7 bedrooms and bathroom; Company's water; well-laid-out grounds of 2½ acres with lawns, flowerbeds, grass and gravel walks, summer-house, and paddock.— Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,209)

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7 MILES FROM BRIGHTON.

FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, with a beautifully fitted half-timbered Residence, seated on the Downs, commanding lovely views: panelled hall, 4 reception rooms, 15 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, servants' hall; electric light, central heating; Company's water; telephone installed; entrance lodge; garage, stabling, and cottages.

WONDERFUL ROSE GARDENS,
WOODLAND AND PASTURE, 112 ACRES.

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The Otterhead Estate, near Taunton.

SITUATE IN THAT SUPERB REGION OF COUNTRY BETWEEN TAUNTON AND HONITON.
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE, WITH THE SHOOTING AND FISHING. FREEHOLD MIGHT BE SOLD.

"OTTERHEAD." SOUTH FRONT.

"OTTERHEAD." ONE OF THE LAKES.

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PROPERTIES IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND

comprising the delightful old-fashioned House, surrounded by most lovely gardens, and standing 700ft. above sea level and facing South.
The Residence contains: lounge hall, fine billiard room, splendid suite of reception rooms, excellent offices, 20 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc. Radiators, acetylene gas, modern drainage, and good water supply. Stabling, garage. Lodge and 4 cottages.
The charming gardens are richly timbered and delightfully displayed. There are spacious lawns for tennis, croquet, archery, etc. Lovely flower and water gardens, pergola, summer-house, etc. Walled vegetable and fruit garden, with range of glass.
THE RIVER OTTER rises on the Property and widens when passing the House into a series of **BEAUTIFUL FISHING LAKES,** connected by rocky cascades and covering a considerable area; they are heavily stocked with trout and afford really first-class fishing, the trout running up to 2lbs.
THE EXCELLENT SHOOTING covers about 1,700 acres, and includes some well-placed coverts and plenty of rough ground. About 1,000 pheasants are reared each season, but the covers will hold a greater head if required. The average game bag for the last six seasons has been 700 to 850 pheasants, 100 to 250 partridges, 1,200 to 2,000 rabbits, besides woodcock, snipe, pigeon, and duck.
RENT ONLY £420 PER ANNUM, which includes about 500 acres of woods and land. Some of the latter could be let off if desired.—Inspected and highly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

BEACHY HEAD (near).
Amidst the South Downs, 2½ miles from the SEA.

£125, **UNFURNISHED,** or would be SOLD, A GENUINE OLD MANOR HOUSE, DATING FROM 1296, PERFECTLY PRESERVED AND FULL OF MAGNIFICENT OLD OAK WORK. Beautiful old banqueting hall with minstrels gallery, dining room, study; ample domestic offices; 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, cottage; acetylene gas, Company's water, modern sanitation; delightful old-world gardens; woodland and grass of 13 acres.—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

AT A VERY LOW RENT TO A CAREFUL TENANT.
On the outskirts of a pretty village, and 2 miles from Dorchester. A few miles from the sea.
Convenient for golf course.
GOOD FISHING AND HUNTING.

DELIGHTFUL OLD-WORLD RESIDENCE, facing south, and containing: 7 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms (2 of which are in the Adams style), garden hall, capital offices with servants' hall; radiators, good water and drainage; stabling for 4, garage, and cottages; beautiful gardens of over 3 acres, including fine tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, orchard, etc.—Strongly recommended by Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., Grosvenor Sq., London, W.

HANTS.
1½ miles from the sea; within easy reach of Lymington and the New Forest.

TO LET, FURNISHED, OR FOR SALE.—A charming old-fashioned HOUSE, standing in finely timbered old grounds, and
SURROUNDED BY ITS OWN ESTATE OF ABOUT 107 ACRES.
Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling, garage; 3 cottages.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

REAL "WAR" BARGAINS IN TOWN HOUSES.

FOR SALE, AT A LOW RESERVE,
By AUCTION in JANUARY NEXT
(if not Sold previously).
No. 33, PRINCES GATE, S.W.

A REMARKABLY CHOICE HOUSE, occupying an ideal position, facing beautifully-timbered grounds, and overlooking and having
IMMEDIATE ACCESS TO EXTENSIVE PRIVATE GARDENS.

The House has recently been brought thoroughly up to date, and most tastefully and expensively decorated at enormous expense. Many improvements have been installed, including: *handsome mahogany doors, parquet floors, choice fireplaces, white panelled walls, well-fitted bathrooms, and lavatory basins, new sanitation, etc.* 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, charming boudoir, 2 drawing rooms (25ft. by 20ft. and 23ft. by 16ft.), fine dining room (27ft. by 18ft.), morning room (18ft. by 17ft.), good library (17ft. by 13ft.), splendid offices.
Lease 23½ years. Ground Rent £80.
Capital stabling, No. 1, Princes Gate Mews.
—Printed particulars of the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

TO BE LET OR SOLD.
GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE.

SPLENDIDLY-ARRANGED HOUSE to be LET, Unfurnished. It is situate in a favourite position, and has only recently been entirely redecorated. The accommodation is splendidly arranged, and comprises:
On the ground floor—Beautiful panelled dining room, square hall, morning room.
On the first floor—Charming double drawing room, large music room.
In addition to which there are 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and capital domestic offices.
Lease about 14 years.

Price, 2,000 gns. Or Rent, £300.

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WITH GARDENS FRONT AND BACK.

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY-APPOINTED HOUSES IN BELGRAVIA for DISPOSAL.
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IN A FAVORITE SITUATION,
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FOUR BEAUTIFUL RECEPTION ROOMS,
magnificent entrance and inner halls, exceptionally good offices,
SMALL PRIVATE GARDEN,
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BUCKS.

Only 35 minutes from Town.

THIS UNIQUE FAMILY MANSION, dating back to the XIth Century.

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Some 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms.

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Lovely grounds of 10 acres; 400 acres shooting. Low rent.— Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 17,258)

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In charming country, near to the sea; South aspect, bracing position; 2 hours from London

TO LET, Furnished, for Winter months, 3gns. weekly: 6 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, lounge hall, kitchen and usual offices; electric light; hot and cold water.—Apply, JOHN BRAY, Auctioneer, Bexhill-on-Sea.

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Rural district. Gravel soil.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, UNFURNISHED, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, originally a farmhouse which has been added to; standing 300ft. above sea level, with a South aspect: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom; Company's water; stabling and garage; small farmery; the gardens are a special feature of the Property; they are nicely timbered and well laid out, and include an exceptionally fine rock garden, 2 tennis courts, lawns, orchard, and pasture-land, in all between 11 and 12 acres.—Box K 8,181, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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WINCHESTER (near).—A charming COUNTRY HOME; 2 reception; winter garden; full-sized billiard room, bath, 5 bedrooms; stabling, garage; pretty bungalow; main water; gravel soil; beautiful gardens with double tennis lawn, croquet lawn, rose gardens, orchard, kitchen garden, in all about 3 ACRES. Freehold, £1,375.—Box M 6, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

FOR SALE.

50/60 h.p. Austrian-Daimler, late 1912 design; 5-Seater Torpedo, painted and upholstered in red. All tyres good—two spares. Rushmore acetylene head lamps. Electric side lamps—Gabrielle and bulb horns, three ignitions.

Complete and in good running order.

WHAT OFFERS?

or will exchange for small two-seater.

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A CHARMING OLD COTTAGE

in Kent, with oak beams and large open fireplace. Old-world furniture: 1 large sitting room, 3 or 4 bedrooms; 9 acres of ground, tennis lawn; miniature rifle range; Company's water; only 10 minutes from station; 1 hour from Town; good cook-housekeeper might be left.

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KHAKI KNITTED WOOLLEN SLEEVE WAISTCOATS 18s. 6d.

THE ABOVE ARE SUITABLE AND ACCEPTABLE PRESENTS FOR SENDING TO OFFICERS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

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OF ALL CHEMISTS, DRUG STORES, Etc.

A Xmas Gift for your Wife

Give something that will make her home more beautiful. She spends more time in it than you.
Two suggestions are illustrated here. Either would add a touch of charm and dignity to the Hall and perpetuate your kindly thought, for both are of materials which last a lifetime.

Made by Hughes, Bolckow Craftsmen from the Teakwood and Copper of Britain's old Fighting Ships.

OLD-COPPER LANTERNS *with Horn Leaves. Hand-wrought from heavy copper sheets. Fitted for Candle or Electric Illumination.*

11" by 20" over all .. £3 10 0
Smaller size £2 2 0

"JARDINIERE" TUBS *in oil-finished Teakwood with Bronze Hoops and Handles.*

No. 1, 12" high, 14" diam. 19/6
,, 2, 14" ,, 16" ,, 21/-
,, 3, 16" ,, 18" .. 23/6

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BROCHURE POST FREE

If unable to call at our West End Showrooms, please send post card for **Xmas Gift Brochure "B."** It illustrates 40 distinctive pieces in Teakwood and Copper.

HUGHES·BOLCKOW & CO·LTD

10 DOVER STREET W

Battleship Breakers — *Blyth . . . Northumberland*

ALL GOOD HOSTESSES OFFER

BULMER'S CHAMPAGNE CIDER

Prepared under exactly the same process as Champagne.

WARDS OFF GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

Always welcome to those who know its deliciousness.
A pleasant surprise to those who taste it for the first time.

Write for free Illustrated Booklet to the Manufacturers—

H. P. BULMER & CO., HEREFORD.

Wholesale London and Export Agents: Findlater, Mackie, Todd & Co., Ltd., London Bridge, S.E.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & After Dinner.

In making use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

Charles Packer & Co

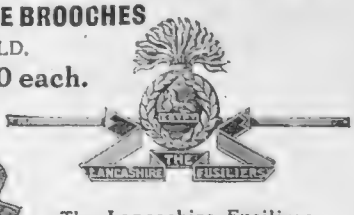
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES

15-ct. GOLD.

all £2 2 0 each.

The Royal Army Medical Corps.



The Lancashire Fusiliers.

All these Brooches are finely modelled in 15-ct. Gold.

The Royal Artillery.

Illustrated Catalogue of Badge Brooches sent free on request.

The Yorkshire Light Infantry.

The King's Own.

Illustrations show actual size of Brooches.

Money returned in full if not approved.

Badge of every regiment in stock.

Can be supplied by return.

The Royal Navy.
(Gold or Silver Anchor.)

The York and Lancaster Regiment.

BADGE OF ANY REGIMENT SUPPLIED

£2 2 0 each

in velvet-lined case complete.
Post free to any address.

The Yorkshire Regiment.

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge, most agreeable to take

FOR

CONSTIPATION

Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Gastric and Intestinal Troubles

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

67, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD (Corner of Castle Street), LONDON, S.E.

Sold by all Chemists, 2/9 a box

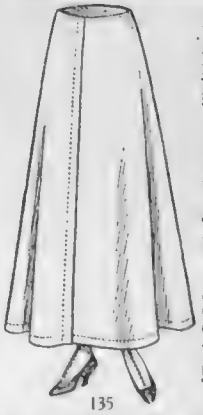
CRAMER PIANOS

139 NEW BOND ST. W.

H. A. BEAL

THE

NEW FULL SKIRT



In NAVY, CREAM, BLACK AND COLOURED SERGES NEW TWEEDS and RAIN-PROOFED TWILLS

10/9

In Ready-to-Wear Sizes.

Waist	23	24	25	26	27
Length	34	36	38	40	42

Into the Waist—not Corselet.

Or Made to Own Measures. Corselet if desired 1/6 extra. Cut Patch Pocket 6d. extra.

The Skirts are only sent to order on receipt of P.O.

Patterns by return.

135

287, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

"SOME" STORY!
BY W. R. ELLAM.

This bright and clever sketch reminds us in a very humorous manner that every Gentleman in Khaki, whether on duty or on leave, is never "downhearted."

It may be of interest to know the demand for this picture has been so considerable that the first edition was immediately sold out. Orders have now been received from the Colonies, and from France, Russia, Norway, Sweden and Holland.

Reproduced in colours, size 12ins. x 9ins., on khaki mount.

Price **1/3**, Post and Packing Free.

"THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY
190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Come to
STARLAND
and see the
TOYS

This is Mike, one of the queer, quaint toys at 'Starland.' His eyes turn all ways, making the children shout with glee. Bring the children to 'Starland' and share their laughter.

Mike costs 2/11, and more for larger sizes

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
LIMITED
OXFORD STREET
LONDON
W

For the little chap

PHAT PHEET

No. 874

WHATEVER the occasion or the need there is a correct Phat-Pheet model, perfect in construction—planned on the Nature principle. The cumulative knowledge derived from eighty years of child-shoeing stands at the back of each Phat-Pheet production.

No. 874 is the black patent Cromwell shoe. What the "little fellow" thinks of this model is reflected in its tremendous popularity. Refined and "mannish" in design—characteristically Phat-Pheet in its comfort and perfect fitting qualities. Stocked also in black glace kid—No. 872 (X fitting only), tan willow—No. 875, and white suede—No. 876. In W fitting for wide feet and X fitting for extra wide.

Sizes and post free prices.

7-7½	8-9	9½-11	11½-13	13½-2
8/1	8/7	9/1	10/1	10/3

Sample Shoe loaned for Inspection on receipt of 4d. for postage, etc.

For the "Phat-Pheet" booklet write to

Daniel Neal
& SONS LIMITED
Dept. 18—126, Kensington High Street, W.
Fitting rooms also at 68-70, Edgware Road, W., and 123, High Street, Putney, S.W.

AQUASCUTUM
Regd.
TRENCH COAT
THE MOST PERFECT MILITARY WATERPROOF PRODUCED.

LINED WOOL, DETACHABLE FLEECE, FUR, OR LEATHER. ABSOLUTELY PROOF AGAINST RAIN AND COLD WINDS.

From the Lieut.-Colonel Commanding a Lowland Battalion in France.

"I should like you to know that I have given one of your fleece-lined Aquascutums a very severe trial during 6 months' trench work out here. I have nothing but praise for its wet and rain-resisting qualities, and it is free from several glaring faults which handicapped coats of two other makers, which I have had to wear for my sins. So far as durability is concerned, it does not look as if I would have to call upon you for a renewal for some considerable time."

AQUASCUTUM, LTD.,
Waterproofers by Appointment to His Majesty the King.
100, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

WHITELEYS

Charming Jewellery for Xmas Gifts

9-ct. Gold, Pearls and Peridot 23/-
9-ct. Gold, Pearls and Amethyst 22/-

9-ct. Gold, Pearls and Garnet Centre ... 17/-
9-ct. Gold, Pearls and Aquamarine Centre 21/-

9-ct. Gold and Amethyst 18/6
9-ct. Gold and Peridot 18/6
9-ct. Gold and Turquoise 19/-

9-ct. Gold, Garnets and Pearls 18/-
9-ct. Gold and Amethysts 19/6

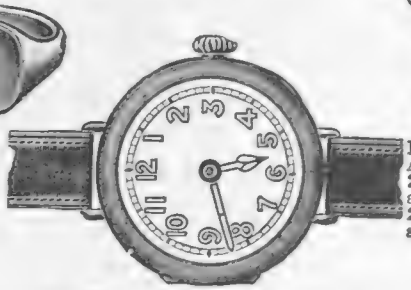
9-ct. Gold, Pearl and Garnet 14/6
9-ct. Gold, Pearl and Peridot 16/6

Pearls, Amethysts, and Cased Pearls, 18/6
Pearl and Peridot, 18/6

Pearls & Garnets. 19/6
Pearls&Amethysts 21/6

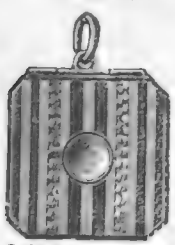
9-ct. Gold Wristlet Watch. Closed Sides.
£4 : 18 : 6
Other designs up to £12

Solid 18-ct Gold Signet Ring. 35/-

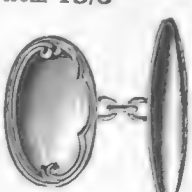


Pearls and Amethysts, 27/9
Pearls and Peridots, 29/6
Pearls and Turquoise, 31/-

Silver Service Wristlet Watch. Radium Figures and Hands. Luminous at night. 35/- 42/-, 57/-, 63/- Nickel from 15/6



Gold Locket. 9-ct. New shape. 21/6



Sleeve Links.
9-ct. Gold ... 13/6
15-ct. ,, ... 28/6
18-ct. ,, ... 38/6

Solid Gold Cross. 9-ct. Plain or Engraved, 10/6
Smaller sizes from 5/6 15-ct. Gold ditto 19/6
Smaller ditto from 12/6

Illustrated Catalogue of Xmas Gifts and Xmas Fare sent Post Free

Wm. Whiteley Ltd., Queen's Rd., London, W

"From California's Sun-kissed Vineyards."

THE natural virtues of California's soil give "Big Tree" Wines the qualities that are making them famous. The world's finest vineyards to-day are in California, and the world's best wines are sold under the name "Big Tree."

"BIG TREE"
CALIFORNIA
HOCK & MOSELLE

Colonel —— writes: "'Big Tree' Hock No. 7 is equal to the finest German Wine I have ever tasted."

	Per doz. bots.	Per 2 doz. half-bots.
"Big Tree" Hock, No. 8	21/-	24/-
,, ,, ,, ,, 7	31/-	34/-
,, ,, Moselle ,, 9	23/-	26/-

Of all Wine Merchants and Hotels

Shipped and Bottled by
Grierson, Oldham & Co., Ltd.
9, Regent Street, London, S.W.

Arrangements can be made for orders to be executed under bond for Officers at the Front.

PESCO

BRITISH AND BEST!

It is good to buy British Underwear in these days, but better to see that the British Underwear you buy is good:

PESCO
UNDERWEAR

is both British and good and will repay the trouble of asking for it by name. It is made of wool that offers luxurious comfort, great warmth and the finest protection health can have!

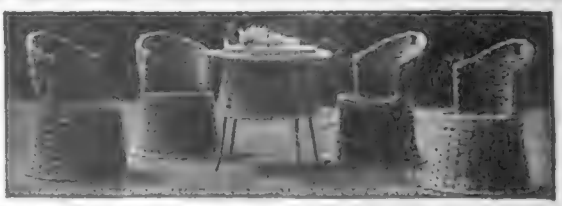
Ask for "Pesco" from your Draper or Hosier. It is on sale everywhere for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, in every Underwear shape, size and texture, and is unconditionally guaranteed safe, sound, & satisfactory

In case of difficulty, write us for names of nearest Agents.

The PESCO CO.,
Dept. 35,
Hawick,
Roxburgh.

AS

PESCO



THE "RURAL" SET.

Ideal Gift for a Hospital or Convalescent Home.

Quaint Brown Willow, suitable for any room.

Chairs ... ... 6/6 each
Table (30 in. top) ... 8/6
or
4 Chairs and Table ... 32/6
Crimson casement cloth cushions ... 1/9 each.

Cash with order. Prompt delivery from Stock. Urgent Orders despatched per passenger train.

RURAL INDUSTRIES, Ltd. (Govt. Contractors) **INGHAM,** NORWICH.

For Ladies Only

THERE is only one gift that readers of THE BYSTANDER can make to ladies this Christmas with the certain knowledge that it is a unique gift and one that will be appreciated, viz., a Marcel Permanent Hair-Waving Outfit for Home Use. Straight hair is the plague of many a woman's life. No other thing is such a nuisance. The straightest hair can be permanently waved with Marcel's Hair-Waving Outfit, and every woman will gladly welcome this gift, whereby she can permanently wave her hair in the privacy of her own home, thus saving money and time in calling and waiting at the hairdressers. It is easily done at home, and does not take a long time. Moreover, the Marcel Wave is beneficial to the hair, and cannot in any way injure it. No tongs or direct heat are brought in contact with the hair. There are four sets of outfits; price 15s., 35s., 63s., and £5 5s., according to the quality of outfit and permanency of wave. Marcels will be pleased to demonstrate these outfits to all interested readers if they will call at their *salons*, 534, Oxford Street, W., or they will send full particulars post free on application. Permanently Waving at home saves 50 per cent. at least.

A USEFUL PRESENT

'ECIRUAM'

Regd.

The Gown for all occasions

Entirely without fasteners

From

3½ Gns.

The ideal Country House Frock, put on in a moment. Equally charming and successful as day, evening, tea or rest gown, and can be worn outdoors with coat or furs.

NO FITTING REQUIRED

Large variety of models in various materials. Economy, comfort, and smartness combined. Must be seen to be properly appreciated. Inspection invited. A revelation—the most successful Gown of the century.

The 'ECIRUAM' Maternity Gown is perfect.

SOLE MAKERS—

MAURICE,

13, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.

Illustrated Booklet on application.

The 'ECIRUAM' Gowns and Blouses are registered designs. To copy same is an infringement.

Beauty Treatments

The name of Pomeroy has long stood as a synonym for whatever is best and up-to-date in beauty treatment. Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., are the pioneers of present day beauty culture, the originators of the newer, better methods made possible by increased scientific knowledge.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

The Pomeroy Treatment for Superfluous Hair is, beyond all doubt, the best means known for securing complete and final freedom from the trouble. It is in no sense an experiment. The experts who give the treatment have a full knowledge of what needs to be done and how to do it. Success is certain. The hairs once removed will never grow again.

FACE TREATMENTS.

A Pomeroy Face Treatment is a delightful experience, which results in permanent good. Every woman who values her good appearance should pay an early visit to Mrs. Pomeroy's rooms and learn the secret of retaining facial charm. The treatment consists mainly of massage on approved medical lines and the liberal use of the invaluable Pomeroy Toilet Preparations. Its effect is marvellous.

POMEROY

TREATMENT ROOMS

CONSULTATION FREE.

Mrs. POMEROY, Ltd., 29, Old Bond Street, London, W.

Liverpool: 27, Lece St. (top of Bold St.). Manchester: 10, St. Ann's Sq. Glasgow: 281, Sauchiehall St. Dublin: 67, Grafton St. *Special Agencies. Aberdeen, Bournemouth, Birmingham, Cork.*

SESSEL PEARLS

SESSEL PEARLS are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of Genuine Oriental Pearls.

Beautiful Necklet of SESSEL PEARLS in fitted case with 18ct. Gold Clasp, **£4 4 0**

Real Diamond Clasps, with Sessel Pearl, Emerald, Sapphire, or Ruby Centre, from **£2 2 0**

SESSEL PEARL Earrings, Studs, Scarf Pins, Rings, with Solid Gold Mountings, from **£1 10 0**

BROCHURE No. 4 ON REQUEST, POST FREE.

Old Gold, Silver, Diamonds, etc. taken in exchange or purchased for cash.

SESSEL (*Bourne Ltd.*), **14 & 14a New Bond St., London, W.**

(Directly opposite Asprey's)

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES (continued from page 494)

Useful and, therefore, Seasonable

It would be difficult to name an article possessing more qualifications as a seasonable offering than a Willcox and Gibbs Automatic sewing-machine.

TWO SEDUCTIVE "SETS"

Silver Brush Set, and Case containing cups and saucers in silver gilt frames and silver gilt spoons, at Messrs. Waring and Gillow's, Ltd., 164-180, Oxford Street

Just now, when everyone is anxious to do his or her "bit," many thousands of these renowned machines are employed in making-up hospital garments for the wounded soldiers—a work the need for which is appreciated by all. Anyone wishing to make an acceptable and useful present could not do better than write to Willcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine Company, Ltd., 20, Fore Street, London, E.C., for one of their illustrated catalogues giving full particulars of these admirable family sewing machines. The high-speed lockstitch machines supplied by the company for factory and workroom use, so well-known to thousands of manufacturers, deserve all the praise bestowed upon them. The earning capacity and durability of these machines are marvellous. They give the greatest satisfaction to manufacturers and operators alike. They are built for working continuously at high speed, giving great production at low cost. Huge supplies of army shirts, underwear, khaki suits, gloves, body belts, hospital jackets, nurses' aprons, kitbags, hussifs, bandoliers, mattresses, sleeping sacks, horse cloths, etc., are being made daily on these lockstitch machines.

Always Handy

The Onoto Safety Fountain Pen is the present which will be appreciated this Christmas; it is essentially a practical pen and the most convenient yet invented. It is, in fact, so safe that you can send it by post full of ink to your friend with absolute certainty that it will reach its destination without a drop of ink leaking out. The military size Onoto, specially put on the market for use by soldiers on active service, is of such a size that it will fit comfortably into the bottom of the regulation tunic pocket, where it is least likely to fall out and get lost. It needs no glass-filler, which is a troublesome thing to carry, and bound to get broken. The Onoto cleans itself in filling; the ink is drawn through the nib, thus keeping the passage clean, but if by any accident the pen does get choked it can be thoroughly cleaned without taking it to pieces by filling and emptying it once or twice with clean water. This military size Onoto Pen can be seen at all the large stores, stationers and jewellers. It costs in plain black vulcanite 10s. 6d. and can be ordered by post. As it does not leak, it is always sent out full of ink ready for immediate use.

(*Continued on page* xii)

AN ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE GIFT

An "Onoto" presentation fountain pen in a neat silk-lined case

HORLICK'S

MALTED MILK TABLETS

can be obtained of Chemists in convenient

POCKET FLASKS

Price 6d. AND 1/- each

For inclusion with other supplies which are being sent to friends at the Front. Or, a flask will be sent by us direct to any address in Great Britain, post free, on receipt of 6d. or 1s. in stamps or postal note.

SEND A FLASK EACH WEEK TO YOUR SOLDIER

Think what a blessing these delicious Food Tablets are to men on active service. They are always ready for immediate use, and a few dissolved in the mouth will maintain the strength of the Soldier when he most needs it. They supply sufficient nourishment to sustain for hours, give increased body-heat and vitality, prevent fatigue and relieve thirst.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Soldier, Nurse, and—

SANAPHOS

THE IDEAL RECONSTRUCTIVE NERVE FOOD

A VALUABLE RESTORATIVE IN NEURASTHENIA NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA AND ANÆMIA

Trial Package Free to Readers.

Every reader is asked to write for a trial package of the food that is doing such wonders for wounded, worn-out and nerve-shattered soldiers; re-building flesh, strength, nerve and brain-energy with a speed that is amazing, and aiding their restoration to perfect fitness.

"Sanaphos" (which is All British, and must not be confused with German-owned preparations), is wholly digestible, and its benefit is felt almost at once. Besides restoring strength and muscle it contains the elements wanted by tired, underfed nerves; elements not present in sufficient quantities in ordinary food.

If you wake up tired, if you are sleepless, run-down, nervous or depressed, write to-day for this trial package. You will be amazed at the improvement after a few days of "Sanaphos." Mention that you are a reader of this paper and the package will be sent to you free and post paid. The address is, The British Milk Products, Co., Ltd., 69, Mark Lane, London, E.C. Sir William Taylor, Surgeon General of the Forces, is Chairman of the Company.

"Sanaphos" can now be had of Chemists, in tins, from **1s.** Avoid confusion with German-owned products, always emphasise the last part of the name "SanaPHOS."

The FRENCH Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

for disorders of the LIVER: GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES, RHEUMATISM and all ailments arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the

FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Stores, and Hotels throughout the world.

Wholesale Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE Ltd., Bangor Wharf, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.

And at Liverpool & Bristol.

Why do YOU do it?

Can you imagine why men pay **7d.** when they can buy the best Virginia Cigarette—CRAVEN "A"—at **6d.** for **10**?

Remember the Chancellor's advice in a recent interview—"All classes of society should realise that in exercising ***any possible thrift*** *they are directly helping to shorten the war."* ***Why don't YOU follow this timely advice?***

CRAVEN "A" CIGARETTES (cork-tipped) are manufactured by Carreras, Ltd., from the finest selected matured Virginia leaf, and carry their 127 years' reputation for giving smokers the very best at a fair price. We ask you to try CRAVEN "A" CIGARETTES (see guarantee below), and you will find them better than any others at 7d. for 10 or any higher price.

CRAVEN "A"

CIGARETTES

(CORK-TIPPED)

10 for **6d.** **50** for **2/3**

25 „ **1/2** **100** „ **4/6**

If you find Craven "A" Cigarettes do not suit you after you have smoked one—return the box to us and we will refund your money. We cannot make a fairer offer.

CRAVEN "A" Mixture ¾-oz. packet 6d. 1-oz. packet 8d.

Obtainable of all first-class tobacconists, and at 55, Piccadilly, London, W., and 7, Wardour Street, Leicester Square, London, W.

CARRERAS, Ltd., Arcadia Works, City Road, London.

CARRERAS, LTD., ask their patrons to remember the urgent needs of the BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY which brings comfort and healing to our wounded—and to send all they can spare to:—
The British Red Cross Room 99, 83 Pall Mall, S.W.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES (concluded from page 494)

An Industry to be Encouraged

The Fine Needlework Association for Invalid Women and Girls began its work some ten years ago with a small class of cripple girls in Bermondsey. Fine sewing was then practically a lost art in England, but in spite of many difficulties the work has progressed with great rapidity, and the success of the shop opened two years ago at 6, Beauchamp Place, Brompton Road, S.W., has justified the Council of the Association in appealing for help to continue and to enlarge the scope of the work. The Association supplies *lingerie* of all kinds, including *trousseaux* (a speciality), hand-embroidered under-linen, babies' robes, children's frocks, overalls, etc. Your patronage, whether as a donor to, or purchaser from, this deserving institution will be equally acceptable, and you will be helping a good cause. A personal visit to the shop, which is close to Harrods, is well worth paying. Otherwise write to the Secretary at the above address.

ARTISTIC SEALING SET

Complete with miniature gilt candlestick and seal—the box, sealing-wax, and candles being all of one colour—sold by the Dennison Manufacturing Co., Kingsway

For Rest and Change

You are, perhaps, at this time wondering where you can go to escape the damp and cold which prevail in most parts of the kingdom at this season of the year. If so, you can do no better than visit the Cornish Riviera. Enjoying the beneficent warmth of the gulf stream, Cornwall possesses a wonderfully mild and equable climate. Added to this the magnificent scenery and unrivalled opportunities for healthful recreation fully justify its claim to be the English Riviera—the ideal venue for all who desire a rest or change of air.

A Choice Gift

If you intend giving cigarettes to friends this Christmas, be sure you give a really superior brand, so that they may have the maximum amount of enjoyment, and at the same time put you down as a connoisseur. Among the many excellent brands, "Snake Charmer" Turkish Cigarettes take a very high place. They are beautifully made, and packed in varying quantities in elegant tins.

Good Cheer at Home and Abroad

Messrs. Hedges and Butler, the well-known wine merchants, of 155, Regent Street, whose business dates back to the year 1667, announce that they are prepared to forward whisky or port duty free to France or to the Near East. The prices for home and foreign consumption respectively are as follows: Royal Vat Whisky (as supplied to many messes and London clubs)—In England, 54*s.* per dozen; in bond, 33*s.* per dozen per the military forwarding officer. Imperial Port—In England, 48*s.* per dozen; in bond, 44*s.* per dozen per the military forwarding officer.

A MONUMENT IN MINIATURE

To the popularity of Messrs. Hedges and Butler's whisky

Blaze away

I BET you my pipe outlasts yours; it's filled with Bond of Union. It lasts about half as long again as ordinary mixtures.

They've got some sort of special curing process which slows down the pipe and develops the flavour at the same time.

It only costs 7d. an oz., but it beats any of the 8d. or 9d. mixtures I've tried.

Medium & Full. 7d per oz.

Mild, 7½d.

You can send Bond of Union duty free to your friends at the Front. Order from your tobacconist

Before you pay 8d. for Tobacco

try Bond of Union

COPE BROS & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE,

ENTIRELY REGARDLESS OF ORIGINAL COST,

High-class, Second-hand and Antique

FURNITURE

CARPETS, PLATE, LINEN, PICTURES, PIANOS,

To the Value of over £500,000.

The CONTENTS of several large TOWN and COUNTRY MANSIONS removed for convenience of Sale.

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

ANY ARTICLE MAY BE HAD SEPARATELY, and, if desired, CAN REMAIN Stored Free, and payment made when delivery required, or will be PACKED FREE AND DELIVERED OR SHIPPED TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

122 COMPLETE BEDROOMS.

Well-made solid walnut bedroom suites, complete, at **5gs.**; massive black and brass-mounted bedsteads, full size complete with spring mattresses, at **25s.**; very handsome design white enamel bedroom suites, at **£5 17s. 6d.**; four well-made large solid oak bedroom suites, at **£6 15s.**; four very artistic Sheraton-design inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, at **£7 15s.**; three artistic large bedroom suites, at **£9 17s. 6d.**; six very choice inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, **13gs.**; elaborate all-brass Sheraton-style bedsteads, with superior spring mattresses complete, **45s.**; choice Chippendale-design bedroom suites, **12gs.**; Chippendale-design bedsteads to match; Queen Anne design solid mahogany bedroom suites, **£14 14s.**; all-brass square-tube full-size bedsteads, with superior spring mattress, at **£3 17s. 6d.**; other bedroom suites in real silver ash and very choicely painted satinwood; also French bedroom suites up to **300gs.** Several fine antique Queen Anne and other Tallboy chests, gents' wardrobes, &c., &c.

DINING AND BILLIARD ROOMS.

Magnificent Full-size BILLIARD TABLE, **£45**; smaller size Billiard Dining Table, by Burgess, **15gns.**

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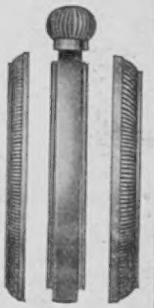

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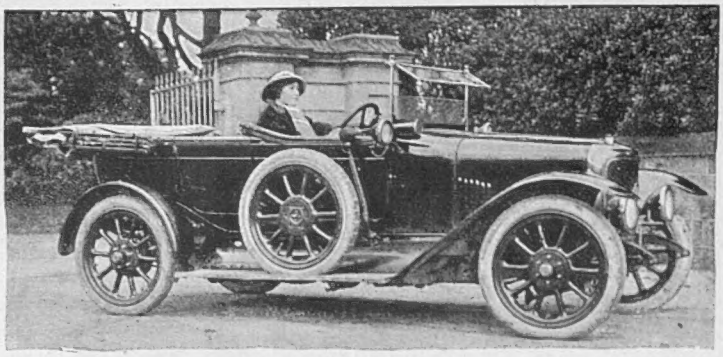
Motor Notes

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

BEWARE the skid of steel studs on frost-bound roads. Catastrophe waits upon carelessness.

There is a dearth of drivers for commercial cars, and the suggestion is made that the Act be amended to allow lads under military age to take out licences to drive. I suppose lads of sixteen are as competent in this connection as girls of riper age, provided always some examination of candidates and some method of selection be adopted. It should be easy enough to meet the requirements of the case from lads of sixteen, girls and women, and the incapacitated military who still possess the faculties necessary for driving motor-cars.

The danger of the central position of gear levers is much overrated. There are scores of incipient dangers in every motor-car, and will be until the human factor is eliminated altogether. And then there will be no human appeal in the motor-car at all. Which means there will not be any motor-car. The exercise of a very little care will get over any danger there may be in the central control; and even that danger is being guarded against by the adoption of a device to prevent involuntary or accidental engagement of gears. The Chalmers device is in point.



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A new vulcanising outfit is advised by the Dunlop Company. It contains for 25*s.* all the materials necessary for treating tyres and tubes, with directions. These be days of economy. Here is one means of economising.

And here is another, in the form of a book published by Iliffe and Sons, and self-explanatory in its title, "The Maintenance and Repair of Motor-Cars." It has been written by a motorist out of the years of his experience, and it reads well, interestingly, and helpfully withal. It covers the whole field for the man who would doctor his own car as far as it can be doctored. Also, it is usefully illustrated. And the price is 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

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The Menu: Breakfast Dishes

Dried Haddock and Tomatoes

Remove the skin and bones from a cooked haddock, and chop the flesh in rather large pieces. Melt 1 oz of butter in a frying-pan, slice into it one small onion, and fry a golden brown. Cut ½ lb. of tomatoes in slices, add to the onion, and cook all together for twenty minutes. Add last of all the fish and a good sprinkling of pepper. Stir over the fire for a few minutes. Have ready a ¼ lb. of rice, which has been boiled for a quarter of an hour; arrange a wall of it on a dish, pile the haddock inside, and place the tomatoes on the top. Garnish with finely chopped parsley sprinkled over the tomatoes, and serve.

Savoury Eggs

Mince a little cooked ham very small, also a little parsley very fine, add salt and pepper to taste. Line some casserole cups with butter, then press the minced ham and parsley well on to the bottom and sides of the casseroles; break the eggs very carefully so as not to break the yolk, and put one into each cup, cover with paper, and steam for about a quarter of an hour. Serve very hot.

Collared Head

Soak a sheep's head for a day in cold water, then put on to cook in tepid water, with salt, two tablespoonfuls of rice, two or three onions, and chopped parsley, and boil from two and a half to three hours. Cut the meat from the bone, and chop small, place it in a mould, and cover with the stock in which it was boiled. One or two hard-boiled eggs put at the bottom and round the mould, cut in slices, will be a great improvement. Turn out the next day, when it will be firm and set. The tongue should be taken out and skinned whilst hot, and can be used separately or mixed in the mould. The bones should be boiled still longer for soup with the addition of vegetables. This is a dish that well repays a careful housewife for her trouble.

Kedgeree

Take ½ lb. of cold cooked fish and shred finely, and boil half a cupful of Patna rice, and let it dry thoroughly. Place the fish and rice in a stewpan, in which 1 oz. of butter has been melted, flavour with salt and white pepper, a dessertspoonful of anchovy sauce, a little milk, and the whites of two hard-boiled eggs, chopped small. Stir over the fire until quite hot, then pile high on a dish. Pass the two yolks of the eggs through a wire sieve over the kedgeree and garnish with cut slices of lemon.

Quickly Made Bread

Take 12 oz. of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one of baking-powder, one and a half gill of milk. Sift the flour, baking-powder, and salt together. Stir in the milk, and mix quickly and smoothly to a stiff dough. Divide in four, and make each into a ball Place on a tin, and bake in a quick oven for fifteen minutes. Brush over with egg or milk a few minutes before taking from the oven.

Breakfast Rolls

Take 1 lb. of flour, rub well into it a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Add two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and a pinch of salt. Beat up one egg and mix with a little warm milk into a nice dough, but not too moist. Make into little rolls, and bake at once in a quick oven. This quantity will make one dozen rolls. They should be brushed over with a little yolk of egg.

Scones

One pound of flour, 3 oz. of butter, two heaped teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, 1½ oz. of sugar, sufficient milk beaten up with an egg to make a soft dough, so as to roll out. Brush over with egg before putting in the oven. Bake fifteen minutes—1½ oz. of currants or sultanas can be also added, if desired. EMILIA

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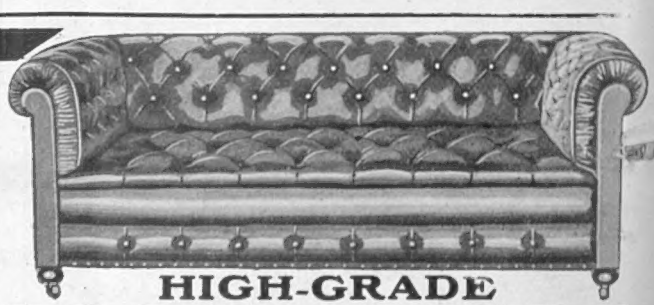

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